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Mary Rowlandson's Narrative

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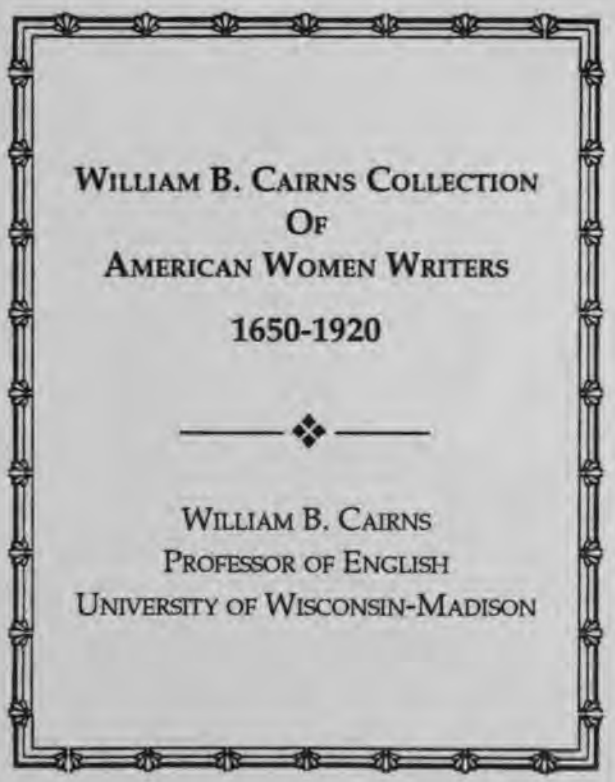

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Mrs. Mary Rowlandſon's Narrative

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The Narrative

OF THE

Captivity *and* Restoration

OF

Mrs. Mary Rowlandson

First printed in 1682 at Cambridge, *Massachusetts*, & London, *England*.
Now reprinted in *Fac-simile*

Whereunto are annexed
A Map of her *Removes*, *Biographical & Historical Notes*, and the last *Sermon* of her husband
Revd Joseph Rowlandson

LANCASTER, *Massachusetts*
M DCCCC III

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PREFACE

THE corporate life of Lancaſter, Maſſachuſetts, dates from May 28, 1653. Now that its two hundred and fiftieth anniverſary draws near, it is thought a fitting time for the republication of the famous Narrative of Captivity written by Mary Rowlandſon, the devout helpmate of Lancaſter's firſt ordained miniſter. Our plea of ſeaſonableneſs is ſupported not alone by the fact that her ſimply told tale was the earlieſt literary compoſition by a citizen of the town to win the diſtinction of print; it is alſo an invaluable contribution to early New England hiſtory; it is an authentic and graphic contemporary delineation of the manners and cuſtoms of the primitive children of the ſoil, from whom our anceſtors relentleſſly wreſted their beautiful and beloved heritage, in order to enrich us and our poſterity; it is an eloquently pathetic record of grave perils bravely encountered, and terrible ſufferings patiently borne with an unſwerving faith in the wiſdom and mercy of an overruling Providence. Firſt iſſued from the preſs in 1682, it at once commanded attention in Old as well as New England. No book of its period in America can boaſt equal evidence of enduring public favor with this work of a comparatively uneducated Lancaſter goodwife; and very few books in any age or

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tongue, if we except the imaginative maſterpieces of inſpired genius, have been diſtinguiſhed with more editions. At leaſt thirty reprints atteſt the popular intereſt in this modeſt ſtory of perſonal experience. Even a copy of one of the many cheap pamphlet editions is now ſo rare that it brings a great price in the book auctions.

The publiſhers of the various reprints of the book have wantonly mutilated the original text by their emendations. The ſecond edition of 1682, the earlieſt of which an example is known to ſurvive, is here reproduced, by photographic proceſs, from the rudely printed and badly damaged copy once belonging to John Cotton, now preſerved in the Prince Collection of the Boſton Public Library. To James Lyman Whitney, A.M., Librarian, our thanks are due for the generous facilities afforded in making this facſimile. To George Parker Winſhip, A.M., Librarian of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, Rhode Iſland, we owe the favor of reproducing the titlepage of the London edition of 1682, and to the courteſy of the Librarian of the Britiſh Muſeum the privilege of photographing that of 1720.

The Rowlandſon ſermon is found bound with the copy of the Narrative in the Prince Library, and was reprinted with the firſt Engliſh edition. It is therefore appropriately included here. It is hoped that the Map of Removes and the copious annotations appended may be welcomed by ſtudents of our local hiſtory.

HENRY STEDMAN NOURSE
JOHN ELIOT THAYER

LANCASTER, 1903

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THE

Soveraignty & Goodneſs

OF

GOD

Together,

With the Faithfulneſs of His Promiſes Diſplayed;

Being a

NARRATIVE

Of the *Captivity* and *Reſtauration* of

Mrs. Mary Rowlandſon.

Commended by her, to all that deſires to know the Lords doings to, and dealings with Her.

Eſpecially to her dear Children and Relations.

The ſecond Addition Corrected and amended.

Written by Her own Hand for Her private Uſe, and now made Publick at the earneſt Deſire of ſome Friends, and for the benefit of the Afflicted.

Deut. 32. 29. *See now that I, even I am he, and there is no God with me: I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal neither is there any can deliver out of my hand.*

CAMBRIDGE,
Printed by *Samuel Green*, 1682.

T Prince Boston
The Call of Mrs Deborah Burnit

This *Book* belongs to
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The Preface to the

READER.

It was on *Tuesday*, *Feb.* 1. 1675. in the afternoon, when the *Narraganſets* quarters (in or toward the *Nipmug* Country, whither they are now retyred for fear of the *Engliſh* Army lying in their own Country) were the ſecond time beaten up by the Forces of the united Colonies, who thereupon ſoon betook themſelves to flight, and were all the next day purſued by the *Engliſh*, ſome overtaken and deſtroyed. But on *Thurſday*, *Feb.* 24 The *Engliſh* having now been ſix dayes on their march, from their ſecond quarters, at *Wickford*, in the *Narraganſet* Country, toward, and after the Enemy, and proviſion grown exceeding ſhort, inſomuch that they were fain to kill ſome Horſes for the ſupply, eſpecially of their *Indian* friends, they were neceſſitated to conſider what was beſt to be done: And about noon (having hitherto followed the chaſe as hard as they might) a Councill was called, and though ſome few were of another mind, yet it was concluded by far the greater part of the Councill of War, that the Army ſhould deſiſt the purſuit, and retire: the Forces of *Plimouth* and the *Bay* to the next Town of the *Bay*, and *Connecticut* Forces to their own next Towns. Which determination was immediately put in execution. The conſequent whereof, as it was not difficult to be foreſeen by thoſe that knew the cauſleſs enmity of theſe *Barbarians*, againſt the *Engliſh*, and the malicious and revengefull ſpirit of theſe Heathen: ſo it ſoon proved diſmall.

The *Narraganſets* were now driven quite from their own Country, and all their proviſions there hoarded up, to which they durſt not at preſent return, and being ſo numerous as they were, ſoon devoured thoſe to whom they went; whereby both the one and other were now reduced to extream ſtraits, and ſo neceſſitated to take the firſt and beſt opportunity for ſupply, and very glad, no doubt of ſuch an opportunity as this, to provide for themſelves, and make prey of the *Engliſh* at once; and ſeeing themſelves thus diſcharged of their purſuers, and a little refreſhed after their flight, the very next week on *Thurſday*, *Feb.* 10. they fell with mighty force and fury upon *Lancaſter*: which (moſt Town remote from aid of others, and not being Garriſoned as it might, the Army being now come in, as the time indeed required (the deſign of the *Indians* againſt

that place being known to the *English* some time before) was not able to make effectual resistance: but notwithstanding utmost endeavour of the Inhabitants, most of the buildings were turned into ashes; many People (Men, Women and Children) slain, and others captivated. The most solemn and remarkable part of this Tragedy, may that justly be reputed, which fell upon the Family of that reverend Servant of God, Mr. *Joseph Rowlandson*, the faithful Pastor of Christ in that place; who being gone down to the Council of the *Massachusetts* to seek aid for the defence of the place, at his return found the Town in flames, or smoke, his own house being set on fire by the Enemy, through the disadvantage of a defective Fortification, and all in it swallowed: his precious yoke fellow, and dear Children, wounded and captivated (as the issue evidenced, and following Narrative declares) by these cruel and barbarous Salvages. A sad Catastrophe! Thus all things come alike to all: None know either love or hatred by all that is before him. It is no new thing for Gods precious ones to drink as deep as others, of the Cup of common Calamity: Take just Lot (yet captivated) for instance beside others. But it is not my business to dilate on these things, but only in few words introductively to preface to the following Script, which is a Narrative of the wonderfully awfull, wise, holy, powerfull, and gracious providence of God, towards that worthy and precious Gentlewoman, the dear Consort of the said Reverend Mr. *Rowlandson*, and her Children with her, as in casting of her into such a comfortless pit, so in preserving, supporting, and carrying thorow so many such extream hazards, unspeakable difficulties and disconsolateness, and at last delivering her out of them all, and her surviving Children also. It was a strange and amazing dispensation, that the Lord should so afflict his precious Servant, and Handmaid: It was as strange, if not more, that he should so bear up the spirits of his Servant under such bereavements, and of his handmaid under such captivity, travels and hardships (much too hard for flesh and blood) as he did, and at length deliver and restore. But he was their Saviour, who hath said, *When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee, and through the Rivers, they shall not overflow thee: When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, nor shall the flame kindle upon thee*, Isa. 43. ver. 2. and again, *He wounded and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In Famine he shall redeem thee from Death, and in War from the power of the sword*, Job 5. 18, 19, 20. Herein this dispensation doth bear some resemblance to those of *Joseph*, *David* and *Daniel*: yea, and of the three Children too, the Stories whereof do represent as with the excellent pictures of divine providence, curious pieces of divine work: and truly so doth this, and therefore not to be forgotten, but worthy to be exhibited to, and viewed, and pondered by all, that disdain not to consider the operation of his hands.

The works of the Lord (not only of Creation, but of Providence also, especially those that do more peculiarly concern his

dear ones, that are as the Apple of his Eye, as the Signet upon His Hand, the Delight of his Eyes, and the Object of his tenderest Care) and great, sought out of all those that have pleasure therein. And of these verily this is none of the least.

This Narrative was penned by the Gentlewoman her self, to be to her a memorandum of Gods dealing with her, that she might never forget, but remember the same, & the severall circumstances thereof, all the dayes of her life. A pious scope which deserves both commendation and imitation: Some friends having obtained a sight of it, could not but be so much affected with the many passages of working providence discovered therein, as to judge it worthy of publick view, and altogether un meet that such works of God should be hid from present and future Generations: And therefore though this Gentlewomans modesty would not thrust it into the Press, yet her gratitude unto God made her not hardly perswadable to let it pass, that God might have his due glory, and others benefit by it as well as her self. I hope by this time none will cast any reflection upon this Gentlewoman, on the score of this publication of her affliction and deliverance. If any should, doubtless they may be reckoned with the nine lepers, of whom it is said, *Were there not ten cleansed, where are the nine? but one returning to give God thanks.* Let such further know that this was a dispensation of publick note, and of universall concernment, and so much the more, by how much the nearer this Gentlewoman stood related to that faithfull Servant of God, whose capacity and employment was publick in the house of God, and his name on that account of a very sweet savour in the Churches of Christ, who is there of a true Christian spirit, that did not look upon himself much concerned in this bereavment, this Captivity in the time thereof, and in his deliverance when it came, yea more then in many others; and how many are there, to whom so concerned, it will doubtless be a very acceptable thing to see the way of God with this Gentlewoman in the aforesaid dispensation, thus laid out and pourtrayed before their eyes.

To conclude whatever any coy phantasies may deem, yet it highly concerns those that have so deeply tasted, how good the Lord is, to enquire with *David, What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me Psal.* 116. 12. He thinks nothing too great; yea, being sensible of his own disproportion to the due praises of God he calls in help. *Oh, magnifie the Lord with me, Let us exalt his Name together, Psal.* 34. 3 And it is but reason, that our praises should hold proportion with our prayers; and that as many hath helped together by prayer for the obtaining of his Mercy, so praises should be returned by many on this behalf; And forasmuch as not the generall but particular knowledge of things makes deepest impression upon the affections, this Narrative particularizing the several passages of this providence will not a little conduce thereunto. And therefore holy *David* in order to the attainment of that end, accounts himself concerned to declare what God had done for his soul, *Psal.* 66. 16. *Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what God hath done for*

my ſoul, i. e. for his life, &c. v. 9, 10, *It holdeth our ſoul in life, and ſuffers not our feet to be moved, for thou our God haſt proved us, thou haſt tryed us, as ſilver is tryed.* Life-mercies, are heart-affecting mercies, of great impreſſion and force, to enlarge pious hearts in the praiſes of God, ſo that ſuch know not how but to talk of Gods acts, and to ſpeak of and publiſh his wonderfull works. Deep troubles, when the waters come in unto thy ſoul, are wont to produce vowes: vowes muſt be paid, *It is better not vow, than vow and not to pay.* I may ſay, that as none knows what it is to fight and purſue ſuch an enemy as this, but they that have fought and purſued them: ſo none can imagine what it is to be captivated, and enſlaved to ſuch atheiſticall proud, wild, cruel, barbarous, bruitiſh (in one word) diabolicall creatures as theſe, the worſt of the heathen; nor what difficulties, hardſhips, hazards, ſorrows, anxieties and perplexities do unavoidably wait upon ſuch a condition, but thoſe that have tryed it. No ſerious ſpirit then (eſpecially knowing any thing of this Gentlewomans piety) can imagine but that the vows of God are upon her. Excuſe her then if ſhe come thus into publick, to pay thoſe vows. Come and hear what ſhe hath to ſay.

I am confident that no Friend of devout Providence will ever repent his coſts and pains ſpent in reading over theſe ſheets, but will judg them worth peruſing again and again.

Hear Reader, you may ſee an inſtance of the Soveraignty of God, who doth what he will with his own as well as others; and who may ſay to him, *What doſt thou?* Here you may ſee an inſtance of the faith and patience of the Saints, under the moſt heart-ſinking tryals; here you may ſee, the promiſes are breaſts full of conſolation, when all the world beſides is empty, and gives nothing but ſorrow. That God is indeed the ſupreame Lord of the world, ruling the moſt unruly, weakening the moſt cruel and ſalvage, granting his People mercy in the ſight of the unmercifull, curbing the luſts of the moſt filthy, holding the hands of the violent, delivering the prey from the mighty, *and gathering together the out caſts of Iſrael.* Once and again you have heard, but hear you may ſee, *that power belongeth unto God*; that our God is the God of Salvation, and to him belong the iſſues from Death. That our God is in the Heavens, and doth what ever pleaſes him. Here you have *Samſon* Riddle examplified, and that great promiſe, *Rom.* 8. 28. verified; *Out of the Eater comes forth meat, and ſweetneſs out of the ſtrong*; The worſt of evils working together for the beſt good. How evident is it that the Lord hath made this Gentlewoman a gainer by all this affliction, that ſhe can ſay, *'tis good for her: yea better that ſhe hath been, than that ſhe ſhould not have been thus afflicted.*

Oh how doth God plow forth in ſuch things as theſe!

Reader, if thou get'ſt no good by this Declaration of this, the fault muſt needs be thine own. Read therefore, Peruſe, Ponder, and from hence lay up ſomething from the experience of another, againſt thine own turn comes, that ſo thou alſo through patience and conſolation of the Scripture may'ſt have hope.

THE AMICAM.

A Narrative of the CAPTIVITY AND RESTAURATION OF Mrs. Mary Rowlandson.

ON the tenth of *February* 1675, Came the *Indians* with great numbers upon *Lancaster*: Their first coming was about Sun-rising; hearing the noise of some Guns, we looked out; several Houses were burning, and the Smoke ascending to Heaven. There were five persons taken in one house, the Father, and the Mother and a sucking Child, they knockt on the head; the other two they took and carried away alive. Their were two others, who being out of their Garison upon some occasion, were set upon; one was knockt on the head, the other escaped: Another their was who running among was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them Money (as they told me) but they would not hearken to him

him but knocke him in head, and stript him naked, and split open his Bowels. Another seeing many of the *Indians* about his Barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same Garison who were killed; the *Indians* getting up upon the roof of the Barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their Fortification. Thus these murtherous wretches went on, burning, and destroying before them,

At length they came and beset our own house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. The House stood upon the edg of a hill; some of the *Indians* got behind the hill, others into the Barn, and others behind any thing that could shelter them; from all which places they shot against the House, so that the Bullets seemed to fly like hail; and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours (according to my observation, in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it (which they did with Flax and Hemp, which they brought out of the Barn, and there being no defence about the House, only two Flankers at two opposite corners and one of them not finished) they fired it once and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadfull hour come, that I have often heard of (in time of War, as it was the case of others) but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting

ing for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the Houſe on fire over our heads, and the bloody Heathen ready to knock us on the head, if we ſtirred out? Now might we hear Mothers & Children crying out for themſelves, and one another, *Lord, What ſhall we do?* Then I took my Children (and one of my ſiſters, hers) to go forth and leave the houſe: but as ſoon as we came to the dore and appeared, the *Indians* ſhot ſo thick that the bullets rattled againſt the Houſe, as if one had taken an handfull of ſtones and threw them, ſo that we were fain to give back. We had ſix ſtout Dogs belonging to our Garriſon, but none of them wou'd ſtir, though another time, if any *Indian* had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to ſee that our help is alwayes in him. But out we muſt go, the fire increaſing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the *Indians* gaping before us with their Guns, Spears and Hatchets to devour us. No ſooner were we out of the Houſe, but my Brother in Law (being before wounded, in defending the houſe, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the *Indians* ſcornfully ſhouted, and hallowed, and were preſently upon him, ſtripping off his cloaths, the bullets flying thick, one went through my ſide, and the ſame (as would ſeem) through the bowels and hand of my dear Child in my arms. One of my elder Siſters Children, named *William*, had then his Leg broken, which the *Indians* perceiving,

cuiving, they knockt him on head. Thus were we butchered by thoſe mercileſs Heathen, ſtanding amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldeſt Sifter being yet in the Houſe, and ſeeing thoſe woſull ſights, the Infidels haling Mothers one way, and Children another, and ſome wallowing in their blood: and her elder Son telling her that her Son *William* was dead, and my ſelf was wounded, ſhe ſaid, And, *Lord let me dy with them*; which was no ſooner ſaid, but ſhe was ſtruck with a Bullet, and fell down dead over the threſhold. I hope ſhe is reaping the fruit of her good labours, being faithfull to the ſervice of God in her place. In her youngeſt years ſhe lay under much trouble upon ſpiritual accounts, till it pleaſed God to make that precious Scripture take hold of her heart, 2 *Cor.* 12. 9. *And he ſaid unto me my Grace is ſufficient for thee.* More then twenty years after I have heard her tell how ſweet and comfortable that place was to her, But to return: The *Indians* laid hold of me, pulling me one way, and the Children another, and ſaid, *Come go along with us*; I told them they would kill me: they anſwered, *If I were willing to go along with them, they would not have me.*

Oh the dolefull ſight that now was to behold at this Houſe! *Come, behold the works of the Lord, what diſſolations he has made in the Earth.* Of thirty ſeven perſons who were in this one Houſe, none eſcaped either preſent death, or a bitter captivity, ſave only one, who might ſay as he. *Job* 1. 15. *And I only am eſcaped alone to tell the News.* There were

were twelve killed, some shot, some stab'd with their Spears, some knock'd down with their Hatchets. When we are in prosperity, Oh the little that we think of such dreadfull sights, and to see our dear Friends, and Relations ly bleeding out their heart-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopt into the head with a Hatchet, and stript naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It is a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of Sheep torn by Wolves. All of them stript naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out; yet the Lord by his Almighty power preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried Captive.

I had often before this said, that if the Indians *should come, I should chuse rather to be killed by them then taken alive* but when it came to the tryal my mind changed; their glittering weapons so dazzled my spirit, that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous Beats, then that moment to end my dayes; and that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous Captivity. I shall particularly speak of the severall Removes we had up and down the Wilderness.

The first Remove.

Now away we must go with those Barbarous Creatures.

Creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no leſs than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill within ſight of the Town where they intended to lodge, There was hard by a vacant houſe (deſerted by the Engliſh before, for fear of the *Indians*) I asked them whither I might not lodge in the houſe that night to which they anſwered, what will you love *Engliſh men* ſtill? this was the dolefulleſt night that ever my eyes ſaw. Oh the roaring, and ſinging and dancing, and yelling of thoſe black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively reſemblance of hell And as miſerable was the noiſe that was there made, of Horſes, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Calves, Lambs, Roaſting Pigs, and Fowl (which they had plundered in the Town) ſome roaſting, ſome lying and burning, and ſome boyling to feed our mercileſs Enemies; who were joyful enough though we were diſconſolate. To add to the dolefulneſs of the former day, and the diſmalneſs of the preſent night: my thoughts ran upon my loſſes and ſad bereaved condition. All was gone, my Huſband gone (at leaſt ſeparated from me, he being in the Bay; and to add to my grief, the *Indians* told me they would kill him as he came homeward) my Children gone, my Relations and Friends gone, our Houſe and home and all our comforts within doors, and without, all was gone, (except my life) and I knew not but the next moment that might go too. There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded

ed Babe, and it ſeemed at preſent worſe than death that it was in ſuch a pitiful condition, beſpeaking Compaſſion, and I had no refreſhing for it, nor ſuitable things to revive it, Little do many think what is the ſavageneſs and bruitiſhneſs of this barbarous Enemy ; even thoſe that ſeem to profeſs more than others among them, when the *Engliſh* have fallen into their hands.

Thoſe ſeven that were killed at *Lancaſter* the ſummer before upon a Sabbath day, and the one that was afterward killed upon a week day, were ſlain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by one-ey'd *John*, and *Marlborough's* Praying *Indians*, which Capt. *Moſely* brought to *Boſton*, as the *Indians* told me.

The ſecond Remove.

But now, the next morning, I muſt turn my back upon the Town, and travel with them into the vaſt and deſolate Wilderneſs, I knew not whither. It is not my tongue, or pen can expreſs the ſorrows of my heart, and bitterneſs of my ſpirit, that I had at this departure: but God was with me, in a wonderfull manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my ſpirit, that it did not quite fail One of the *Indians* carried my poor wounded Babe upon a horſe, it went moaning all along, I ſhall dy, I ſhall dy. I went on foot after it, with ſorrow that cannot be expreſſ. At length I took it off the horſe, and carried it in my armes till my ſtrength failed, and I fell

fell down with it: Then they ſet me upon a horſe with my wounded Child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horſe back; as we were going down a ſteep hill, we both fell over the horſes head, at which they like inhumane creatures laught, and rejoyced to ſee it, though I thought we ſhould there have ended our dayes, as overcome with ſo many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my ſtrength ſtill, and carried me along, that I might ſee more of his Power; yea, ſo much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to ſnow, and when night came on, they ſtopt: and now down I muſt ſit in the ſnow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my ſick Child in my lap; and calling much for water, being now (through the wound) fallen into a violent Fever. My own wound alſo growing ſo ſtiff, that I could ſcarce ſit down or riſe up; yet ſo it muſt be, that I muſt ſit all this cold winter night upon the cold ſnowy ground, with my ſick Child in my armes, looking that every hour would be the laſt of its life; and having no Chriſtian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. *Oh, I may ſee the wonderfull power of God, that my Spirit did not utterly ſink under my affliction: ſtill the Lord upheld me with his gracious and mercifull Spirit, and we were both alive to ſee the light of the next morning.*

The third remove.

The morning being come, they prepared to go on their

their way. *One of the* Indians *got up upon a horſe, and they ſet me up behind him, with my poor ſick Babe in my lap.* A very wearifome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my Childs being ſo exceeding ſick, and in a lamentable condition with her wound. It may be eaſily judged what a poor ſerble condition we were in, there being not the leaſt crumb of refreſhing that came within either of our mouths, from *Wedneſday* night to *Saturday* night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by Sun, we came to the place where they intended, *viz.* an *Indian* Town, called *Wenimeſſet*, Northward of *Quabaug*. When we were come, Oh the number of Pagans (now mercileſs enemies) that there came about me, that I may ſay as *David*, *Pſal.* 27. 13, *I had fainted, unleſs I had believed &c.* The next day was the Sabbath: I then remembered how careleſs I had been of Gods holy time: how many Sabbaths I had loſt and miſpent, and how evily I had walked in Gods ſight; which lay ſo cloſs unto my ſpirit, that it was eaſie for me to ſee how righteous it was with God to cut off the thread of my life, and caſt me out of his preſence for ever. Yet the Lord ſtill ſhewed mercy to me, and upheld me; and as he wounded me with one hand, ſo he healed me with the other. This day there came to me one *Robbert Pepper* (a man belonging to *Roxbury*) who was taken in Captain *Beers* his fight, and had been now a conſiderable time with the *Indians*; and up with them almoſt as far as

Albany,

Albany to ſee king *Philip*, as he told me, and was now very lately come into theſe parts. Hearing, I ſay, that I was in this *Indian* Town, he obtained leave to come and ſee me. He told me, he himſelf was wounded in the leg at Captain *Beers* his Fight; and was not able ſome time to go, but as they carried him, and as he took Oaken leaves and laid to his wound, and through the bleſſing of God he was able to travel again. Then I took Oaken leaves and laid to my ſide, and with the bleſſing of God it cured me alſo; yet before the cure was wrought, I may ſay, as it is in *Pſal.* 38. 5, 6. *My wounds ſtink and are corrupt, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long.* I ſat much alone with a poor wounded Child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body, or cheer the ſpirits of her, but inſtead of that, ſometimes one *Indian* would come and tell me one hour, that your Maſter will knock your Child in the head, and then a ſecond, and then a third, your Maſter will quickly knock your Child in the head.

This was the comfort I had from them, miſerable comforters are ye all, as he ſaid. Thus nine dayes I ſat upon my knees, with my Babe in my lap, till my fleſh was raw again; my Child being even ready to depart this ſorrowfull world, they bade me carry it out to another Wigwam (I ſuppoſe becauſe they would not be troubled with ſuch ſpectacles) Whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I ſat with the picture of death in my lap

Abed

About two houres in the night, my ſweet Babe, like a Lambe departed this life, on *Feb.* 18. 1675. It being about *ſix yeares*, and *five months* old. It was *nine dayes* from the firſt wounding, in this miſerable condition, without any refreſhing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice, how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead perſon was, but now the caſe is changed; I muſt and could ly down by my dead Babe, ſide by ſide all the night after. I have thought ſince of the wonderfull goodneſs of God to me, in preſerving me in the uſe of my reaſon and ſenſes, in that diſtreſſed time, that I did not uſe wicked and violent means to end my own miſerable life. In the morning, when they underſtood that my child was dead they ſent for me home to my Maſters Wigwam: (by my Maſter in this writing, muſt be underſtood *Quanopin*, who was a *Saggamore*, and married King *Philips* wives Siſter; not that he firſt took me, but I was ſold to him by another *Narhaganſet Indian*, who took me when firſt I came out of the Gariſon) I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone: there was no reſiſting, but goe I muſt and leave it. When I had been at my maſters *wigwam*, I took the firſt opportunity I could get, to go look after my dead child: when I came I aſkt them what they had done with it? then they told me it was upon the hill: then they went and

ſhewed me where it was, where I ſaw the ground was newly digged, and there they told me they had buried it: *There I left that Child in the Wilderneſs, and muſt commit it, and my ſelf alſo in this Wilderneſs-condition, to him who is above all.* God having taken away this dear Child, I went to ſee my daughter *Mary*, who was at this ſame *Indian Town*, at a *Wigwam* not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to ſee one another. She was about ten years old, & taken from the doore at firſt by a *Praying Indian* & afterward ſold for a gun. When I came in ſight, ſhe would fall a weeping; at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bade me be gone; which was a heart-cutting word to me. I had one Child dead, another in the Wilderneſs, I knew not where, the third they would not let me come near to: *Me (as he ſaid) have ye bereaved of my Children, Joſeph is not, and* Simeon *is not, and ye will take* Benjamin *alſo, all theſe things are againſt me.* I could not ſit ſtill in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another. And as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelm'd with the thoughts of my condition, and that I ſhould have Children, *and a Nation which I knew not ruled over them.* Whereupon I earneſtly entreated the Lord, that he would conſider my low eſtate, and ſhew me a token for good, and if it were his bleſſed will, ſome ſign and hope of ſome reliefe. And indeed quickly the Lord anſwered, in ſome meaſure, my poor prayers:

For

For as I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my Son came to me, and asked me how I did; I had not seen him before, since the destruction of the Town, and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself, that he was amongst a smaller percel of *Indians*, whose place was about six miles off; with tears in his eyes, he asked me whether his Sister *Sarah* was dead; and told me he had seen his Sister *May*; and prayed me, that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time, was this: *There was, as I said, about six miles from us, a smal Plantation of* Indians, *where it seems he had been during his Captivity: and at this time, there were some Forces of the* Ind. *gathered out of our company, and some also from them (among whom was my Sons master) to go to assault and burn* Medfield: *In this time of the absence of his master, his dame brought him to see me.* I took this to be some gracious answer to my earnest and unfeigned desire. The next day, *viz.* to this, the *Indians* returned from *Medfield*, all the company, for those that belonged to the other smal company, came thorough the Town that now we were at But before they came to us, Oh! the outragious roaring and hooping that there was: They began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and hooping they signified how many they had destroyed (which was at that time twenty three.) Those that were with us at home, were

gathered together as soon as they heard the hooping, and every time that the other went over their number, these at home gave a shout, that the very Earth rung again: And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the *Sagamores Wigwam*; and then, Oh, the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some *English mens* scalps that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them. I cannot but take notice of the wonderfull mercy of God to me in those afflictions, in sending me a Bible One of the *Indians* that came from *Medfield* fight, had brought some plunder, came to me, and asked me, if I would have a Bible, he had got one in his Basket, I was glad of it, and asked him, whether he thought the *Indians* would let me read? he answered, *yes*; so I took the Bible, and in that melancholy time, it came into my mind to read first the 28. *Chap.* of *Deut.* which I did, and when I had read it, my dark heart wrought on this manner, *That there was no mercy for me, that the Blessings were gone, and that curses came in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity.* But the Lord helped me still to go one reading till I came to *Chap.* 30 the seven first verses, where I found, *There was mercy promised again, if we would return to him by repentance; and though we were scattered from one end of the Earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together, and turn all those curses upon our Enemies* I do not desire to live to forget this Scripture, and what comfort it was to me. Now

Now the Ind. began to talk of removing from this place, some one way, and some another. There were now besides my self nine *English* Captives in this place (all of them Children, except one Woman) I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them; they being to go one way, and I another, I *asked them whether they were earnest with God for deliverance*, they told me, they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me, that the Lord stirred up *Children to look to him*. The Woman *viz.* Goodwife *Joslin* told me, she should never see me again, and that she could find in her heart to run away; I wisht her not to run away by any means, for we were near *thirty miles* from any *English Town*, and she very big with Child, and had but one week to reckon; and another Child in her Arms, two years old, and had Rivers there were to go over, & we were feeble, with our poor & coarse entertainment. I had my Bible with me, I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read; we opened the Bible and lighted on *Psal.* 27. in which Psalm we especially took notice of that, *vers.* 14. *Wait on the Lord, Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine Heart, wait I say on the Lord.*

The fourth Remove.

And now I must part with that little Company I had. Here I parted from my Daughter *Mary*, (whom I never saw again till I saw her in *Dorchester*, returned from Captivity, and from four little Cou-

ſins and Neighbours, ſome of which I never ſaw afterward: the Lord only knows the end of them. Amongſt them alſo was that poor Woman before mentioned, who came to a ſad end, as ſome of the company told me in my travel: She having much grief upon her Spirit, about her miſerable condition, being ſo near her time, ſhe would be often asking the *Indians* to let her go home; they not being willing to that, and yet vexed with her importunity, gathered a great company together about her, and ſtript her naked, and ſet her in the midſt of them; and when they had ſung and danced about her (in their hellish manner) as long as they pleaſed, they knockt her on head, and the child in her arms with her: when they had done that, they made a fire and put them both into it, and told the other Children that were with them, that if they attempted to go home, they would ſerve them in like manner: The Children ſaid, ſhe did not ſhed one tear, but prayed all the while. But to return to my own Journey; we travelled about half a day or little more, and came to a deſolate place in the Wilderneſs, where there were no *Wigwams* or *Inhabitants* before; we came about the middle of the afternoon to this place, cold and wet, and ſnowy, and hungry, and weary, and no refreſhing, for man, but the cold ground to ſit on, and our poor *Indian* cheer

Heart-aking thoughts here I had about my poor Children, who were ſcattered up and down among the wilde

wild beasts of the forrest: My head was light & dissy (either through hunger or hard lodging, or trouble or altogether) my knees feeble, my body raw by sitting double night and day, that I cannot express to man the affliction that lay upon my Spirit, but the Lord helped me at that time to express it to himself. I opened my Bible to read, and the Lord brought that precious Scripture to me, *Jer.* 31. 16. *Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the Enemy.* This was a sweet Cordial to me, when I was ready to faint, many and many a time have I sat down, and weept sweetly over this Scripture. At this place we continued about four dayes.

The fifth Remove.

The occasion (as I thought) of their moving at this time, was, the English *Army it being near and following them*: For they went, as if they had gone for their lives, for some considerable way, and then they made a stop, and chose some of their stoutest men, and sent them back to hold the *English* Army in play whilst the rest escaped: And then, *like* Jehu, *they marched on furiously, with their old, and with their young: some carried their old decrepit mothers, some carried one, and some another.* Four of them carried a great *Indian* upon a Bier; but going through a thick Wood with him, they were hindred, and could make no hast; whereupon they took

him upon their backs, and carried him, one at a time, till they came to *Bacquaug* River. Upon a *Friday*, a little after noon we came to this River. When all the company was come up, and were gathered together, I thought to count the number of them, but they were so many, and being somewhat in motion, it was beyond my skil. In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favoured in my load; I carried only my knitting work and two quarts of parched meal: Being very faint I asked my mistris to give me one spoonfull of the meal, but she would not give me a taste. They quickly fell to cutting dry trees, to make Rafts to carry them over the river: and soon my turn came to go over: By the advantage of some brush which they had laid upon the Raft to sit upon, I did not wet my foot (which many of themselves at the other end were mid-leg deep) which cannot but be acknowledged as a favour of God to my weakned body, it being a very cold time. I was not before acquainted with such kind of doings or dangers. *When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the Rivers they shall not overflow thee, Isai.* 43. 2. A certain number of us got over the River that night, but it was the night after the Sabbath before all the company was got over. On the *Saturday* they boyled an old Horses leg (which they had got) and so we drank of the broth, as soon as they thought it was ready, and when it was almost all gone, they filled it up again.

The

The first week of my being among them, I hardly ate any thing; the second week, I found my stomach grow very faint for want of something; and yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash: but the third week, though I could think how formerly my stomach would turn against this or that, and I could starve and dy before I could eat such things, yet they were sweet and savoury to my taste. I was at this time knitting a pair of white cotton stockins for my mistris; and had not yet wrought upon a Sabbath day; when the Sabbath came they bade me go to work; I told them it was the Sabbath-day, and desired them to let me rest, and told them I would do as much more to morrow; to which they answered me, they would break my face. And here I cannot but take notice of the strange providence of God in preserving the heathen: They were many hundreds, old and young, some sick, and some lame many had *Papooses* at their backs, the greatest number at this time with us, were *Squaws*, and they travelled with all they had, bag and baggage, and yet they got over this River aforesaid; and on *Munday* they set their *Wigwams* on fire, and away they went: On that very day came the *English* Army after them to this River, and saw the smoak of their *Wigwams*, and yet this River put a stop to them. God did not give them courage or activity to go over after us; we were not ready for so great a mercy as victory and deliverance; if we had been, God would have found out a way for the *English*

to

to have paſſed this River, as well as for the *Indians* with their *Squaws* and *Children*, and all their *Luggage*: *Oh that my People had hearkened to me, and Iſrael had walked in my ways, I ſhould ſoon have ſubdued their Enemies, and turned my hand againſt their Adverſaries*, Pſal. 81. 13. 14.

The ſixth Remove.

On Munday (*as I ſaid*) *they ſet their* Wigwams *on fire, and went away.* It was a cold morning, and before us there was a great Brook with ice on it; ſome waded through it, up to the knees & higher, but others went till they came to a Beaver-dam, and I amongſt them, where through the good providence of God, I did not wet my foot. I went along that day mourning and lamenting, leaving farther my own Country, and travelling into the vaſt and howling *Wilderneſs*, and I underſtood ſomething of *Lot's* Wife's Temptation, *when ſhe looked back*: we came that day to a great Swamp, by the ſide of which we took up our lodging that night. When I came to the brow of the hil, that looked toward the Swamp, I thought we had been come to a great *Indian* Town (though there were none but our own Company) The *Indians* were as thick as the trees: it ſeemed as if there had been a thouſand Hatchets going at once: if one looked before one, there was nothing but *Indians*, and behind one, nothing but *Indians*, and ſo on either hand, I my ſelf in the midſt, and no Chriſtian ſoul near me, *and yet how*

had

hath the Lord preserved me in safety? Oh the experience that I have had of the goodness of God, to me and mine!

The seventh Remove.

After a restless and hungry night there, we had a wearisome time of it the next day. The Swamp by which we lay, was, as it were, a deep Dungeon, and an exceeding high and steep hill before it. Before I got to the top of the hill, I thought my heart and legs, and all would have broken, and failed me. What through faintness, and soreness of body, it was a grievous day of travel to me. *As we went along, I saw a place where* English *Cattle had been: that was comfort to me, such as it was: quickly after that we came to an* English *Path, which so took with me, that I thought I could have freely lyen down and dyed.* That day, a little after noon, we came to *Squenkheag*, where the *Indians* quickly spread themselves over the deserted *English* Fields, gleaning what they could find; some pickt up ears of Wheat that were crickled down, some found ears of *Indian* Corn, some found Ground-nuts, and others sheaves of Wheat that were frozen together in the shock, & went to threshing of them out My self got two ears of *Indian* Corn, and whilst I did but turn my back, one of them was stolen from me, which much troubled me There came an *Indian* to them at that time, with a basket of Horse-liver. I asked him to give me a piece: *What*, sayes he *can you eat Horse-liver?* I told him, I would try,

if

if he would give a piece, which he did, and I laid it on the coals to roast; but before it was half ready they got half of it away from me, so that I was fain to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth, and yet a savoury bit it was to me: *For to the hungry Soul every bitter thing is sweet.* A solemn sight methought it was, to see Fields of wheat and *Indian* Corn forsaken and spoiled: and the remainders of them to be food for our merciless Enemies. That night we had a mess of wheat for our Supper.

The eight Remove.

On the morrow morning we must go over the River, *i. e. Connecticot*, to meet with King *Philip*, two *Canoos* full, they had carried over, the next Turn j my self was to go; but as my foot was upon the *Canoo* to step in, there was a sudden out-cry among them, and j must step back; and instead of going over the River, j must go four or five miles up the River farther Northward. Some of the *Indians* ran one way, and some another. The cause of this rout was, as j thought, their espying some *English Scouts*, who were thereabout. In this travel up the River, about noon the Company made a stop, and sate down; some to eat, and others to rest them. As I sate amongst them, musing of things past, my Son *Joseph* unexpectedly came to me: we asked of each others welfare, bemoaning our dolefull condition, and the change that had come upon us. We had Husbands and

Father

Father, and Children, and Sisters, and Friends, and Relations, and House, and Home, and many Comforts of this Life: but now we may say, as Job, *Naked came I out of my Mothers Womb, and naked shall I return: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord.* I asked him whither he would read; he told me, he earnestly desired it, I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon that comfortable Scripture, *Psal.* 118. 17, 18. *I shall not dy but live, and declare the works of the Lord: the Lord hath chastened me sore, yet he hath not given me over to death.* Look here, *Mother* (sayes he) did you read this? And here I may take occasion to mention one principall ground of my setting forth these Lines: even as the Psalmist sayes, *To declare the Works of the Lord*, and his wonderfull Power in carrying us along, preserving us in the *Wilderness*, while under the Enemies hand, and returning of us in safety again. And His goodness in bringing to my hand so many comfortable and suitable Scriptures in my distress. But to Return, We travelled on till night; and in the morning, we must go over the River to *Philip's* Crew. When I was in the Cannoo, I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of Pagans that were on the Bank on the other side. When I came ashore, they gathered all about me, I sitting alone in the midst: I observed they asked one another questions, and laughed, and rejoyced over their Gains and Victories.

Then

Then my heart began to fail: and I fell a weeping which was the firſt time to my remembrance, that I wept before them. - Although I had met with ſo much Affliction, and my heart was many times ready to break, yet could I not ſhed one tear in their ſight: but rather had been all this while in a maze, and like one aſtoniſhed: but now I may ſay as, *Pſal* 137. 1. *By the Rivers of* Babylon, *there we ſate down: yea, we wept when we remembred Zion.* There one of them asked me, why I wept, I could hardly tell what to ſay: yet I anſwered, they would kill me: No, ſaid he, none will hurt you. Then came one of them and gave me two ſpoon-fulls of Meal to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of Peaſe; which was more worth than many Buſhels at another time. Then I went to ſee King *Philip*, he bade me come in and ſit down, and asked me whether I would ſmoke it (a uſual Complement now adayes amongſt Saints and Sinners) but this no way ſuited me. For though I had formerly uſed Tobacco, yet I had left it ever ſince I was firſt taken. *It ſeems to be a Bait, the Devil layes to make men looſe their precious time*: I remember with ſhame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was preſently ready for another, ſuch a bewitching thing it is: But I thank God, he has now given me power over it; ſurely there are many who may be better imployed than to ly ſucking a ſtinking Tobacco-pipe.

Now the *Indians* gather their Forces to go againſt

gainſt *North-Hampton*: over-night one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the deſign. Whereupon they fell to boyling of Ground-nuts, and parching of Corn (as many as had it) for their Proviſion: and in the morning away they went.: *During my abode in this place*, Philip *ſpake to me to make a ſhirt for his boy, which I did, for which he gave me a ſhilling*: I *offered the mony to my maſter, but he bade me keep it*: *and with it* I *bought a piece of Horſe fleſh.* Afterwards he asked me to make a Cap for his boy, for which he invited me to Dinner. I went, and he gave me a Pancake, about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten, and fryed in Bears greaſe, but I thought I never taſted pleaſanter meat in my life. There was a *Squaw* who ſpake to me to make a ſhirt for her *Sannup*, for which ſhe gave me a piece of Bear. Another asked me to knit a pair of Stockins, for which ſhe gave me a quart of Peaſe: I boyled my Peaſe and Bear together, and invited my maſter and miſtris to dinner, but the proud Goſſip, becauſe I ſerved them both in one Diſh, would eat nothing, except on bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife. Hearing that my ſon was come to this place, I went to ſee him, and found him lying flat upon the ground: I asked him how he could ſleep ſo? he anſwered me, *That he was not aſleep, but at Prayer*; and lay ſo that they might not obſerve what he was doing. I pray God he may remember theſe things now he is returned in ſafety. At this

this Place (the Sun now getting higher) what with the beams and heat of the Sun, and the ſmoak of the *Wigwams*, I thought I ſhould have been blind, I could ſcarce diſcern one *Wigwam* from another. There was here one *Mary Thurſton* of *Medfield*, who ſeeing how it was with me, lent me a Hat to wear: but as ſoon as I was gone, the *Squaw* who owned that *Mary Thurſton* came running after me, and got it away again. *Here was the* Squaw *that gave me one ſpoonful of Meal.* I put it in my Pocket to keep it ſafe: yet notwithſtanding ſome body ſtole it, but put five *Indian* Corns in the room of it: which Corns were the greateſt Proviſions I had in my travel for one day.

The *Indians* returning from *North-Hampton*, brought with them ſome Horſes, and Sheep, and other things which they had taken: I deſired them, that they would carry me to *Albany*, upon one of thoſe Horſes, and ſell me for Powder: for ſo they had ſometimes diſcourſed. I was utterly hopleſs of getting home on foot, the way that I came. I could hardly bear to think of the many weary ſteps I had taken, to come to this place

The ninth Remove.

But inſtead of going either to *Albany* or homeward, we muſt go five miles up the River, and then go over it. Here we abode a while. Here lived a lorry *Indian*, who ſpoke to me to make him a ſhirt, when I had done it, he would pay me nothing. But

he living by the River ſide, where I often went to fetch water, I would often be putting of him in mind, and calling for my pay: at laſt he told me if I would make another ſhirt, for a *Papoos* not yet born, he would give me a knife, which he did when I had done it. I carried the knife in, and my maſter asked me to give it him, and I was not a little glad that I had any thing that they would accept of, and be pleaſed with. When we were at this place, my Maſters maid came home, ſhe had been gone *three weeks* into the *Narrhaganſet Country*, to fetch Corn, where they had ſtored up ſome in the ground: ſhe brought home about a peck and half of Corn. This was about the time that their great Captain, *Naanamo*, was killed in the *Narrhaganſet Country*. *My Son being now about a mile from me, I asked liberty to go and ſee him, they bade me go, and away I went: but quickly loſt my ſelf, travelling over Hills and thorough Swamps, and could not find the way to him.* And I cannot but admire at the wonderfull power and goodneſs of God to me, in that, though I was gone from home, and met with all ſorts of *Indians*, and thoſe I had no knowledge of, and there being no Chriſtian ſoul near me; yet not one of them offered the leaſt imaginable miſcarriage to me. I turned homeward again, and met with my maſter, he ſhewed me the way to my Son: When I came to him I found him not well: and withall he had a boyl on his ſide which much troubled him: We bemoaned one ano-

there awhile, as the Lord helped us, and then I returned again. When I was returned, I found my ſelf as unſatisfied as I was before. I went up and down mourning and lamenting: and my ſpirit was ready to ſink, with the thoughts of my poor Children: my Son was ill, and I could not but think of his mourniſull looks, and no Chriſtian-Friend was near him, to do any office of love for him, either for Soul or Body. And my poor Girl, I knew not where ſhe was, nor whither ſhe was ſick, or well, or alive, or dead. I repaired under theſe thoughts to my Bible (my great comfort in that time) and that Scripture came to my hand, *Caſt thy burden upon the Lord, and He ſhall ſuſtain thee*, Pſal. 55. 22.

But I was fain to go and look after ſomething to ſatisfie my hunger, and going among the *Wigwams*, I went into one, and there found a *Squaw* who ſhewed her ſelf very kind to me, and gave me a piece of Bear. I put it into my pocket, and came home, but could not find an opportunity to broil it, for fear they would get it from me, and there it lay all that day and night in my ſtinking pocket. In the morning I went to the ſame *Squaw*, who had a Kettle of Ground nuts boyling; I asked her to let me boyle my piece of Bear in her Kettle which ſhe did, and gave me ſome Ground-nuts to eat with it: and I cannot but think how pleaſant it was to me. I have ſometime ſeen Bear bak very handſomly among the *Engliſh*, and ſome like it, but the thoughts that it was Bear, made

tremble: but now that was savoury to me that one would think was enough to turn the stomach of a brute Creature.

One bitter cold day, I could find no room to sit down before the fire: I went out, and could not tell what to do, but I went into another Wigwam, *where they were also sitting round the fire, but the* Squaw *laid a skin for me, and bid me sit down, and gave me some Ground-nuts, and bade me come again: and told me they would buy me, if they were able, and yet these were strangers to me that I never saw before.*

The tenth Remove.

That day a small part of the Company removed about three quarters of a mile, intending further the next day When they came to the place where they intended to lodge, and had pitched their *wigwams*; being hungry I went again back to the place we were before at, to get something to eat: being encouraged by the *Squaws* kindness, who bade me come again; when I was there, there came an *Indian* to look after me, who when he had found me, kickt me all along: I went home and found Venison roasting that night, but they would not give me one bit of it. Sometimes I met with favour, and sometimes with nothing but frowns.

The eleventh Remove.

The next day in the morning they took their Travel, intending a days journey up the River, I took

my load at my back, and quickly we came to wade over the River: and passed over tiresome and wearisome hills. One hill was so steep that I was fain to creep up upon my knees, and to hold by the twiggs and bushes to keep my self from falling backward. My head also was so light, that I usually reeled as I went; but I hope all these wearisome steps that I have taken, are but a forewarning of me of the heavenly rest. *I know, O Lord, that thy Judgements are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me,* Psal. 119 71.

The twelfth Remove.

It *was upon a Sabbath-day-morning, that they prepared for their Travel.* This morning I asked my master whither he would sell me to my Husband; he answered me *Nux*, which did much rejoyce my spirit. My mistriss, before we went, was gone to the burial of a *Papist*, and returning, she found me sitting and reading in my Bible; she snatched it hastily out of my hand, and threw it out of doors; I ran out and catcht it up, and put it into my pocket, and never let her see it afterward. Then they pack'd up their things to be gone, and gave me my load: I complained it was too heavy whereupon she gave me a slap in the face, and bade me go; I lift up my heart to God, hoping the Redemption was not far off: and the rather because their insolency grew worse and worse.

But the thoughts of my going homeward (for so we bent our course) *much cheared my Spirit, and made*

made my burden ſeem light, and almoſt nothing at all. But (to my amazment and great perplexity) the ſcale was ſoon turned: for when we had gone a little way, on a ſudden my miſtriſs gives out, ſhe would go no further, but turn back again, and ſaid I muſt go back again with her, and ſhe called her *Sannup*, and would have had him gone back alſo, but he would not, but ſaid, *He would go on, and come to us again in three dayes.* My Spirit was upon this, I confeſs, very impatient, and almoſt outragious. I thought *I* could as well have dyed as went back: I cannot declare the trouble that I was in about it; but yet back again I muſt go. As ſoon as I had an opportunity, *I* took my Bible to read, and that quieting Scripture came to my hand, *Pſal.* 46. 10. *Be ſtill, and know that I am God.* Which ſtilled my ſpirit for the preſent: But a ſore time of tryal, I concluded, I had to go through. My maſter being gone, who ſeemed to me the beſt friend that I had of an *Indian*, both in cold and hunger, and quickly ſo it proved. Down I ſat, with my heart as full as it could hold, and yet ſo hungry that I could not ſit neither: but going out to ſee what I could find, and walking among the Trees, I found ſix *Acrons*, and two *Cheſ-nuts*, which were ſome refreſhment to me. Towards Night I gathered me ſome ſticks for my own comfort, that I might not ly a-cold: but when we came to ly down they bade me go out, and ly ſome-where-elſe, for they had company (they ſaid) come in more than

their own: I told them, I could not tell where to go, they bade me go look; I told them, if I went to another *Wigwam* they would be angry, and send me home again. Then one of the Company drew his sword, and told me he would run me thorough if I did not go presently. Then was I fain to stoop to this rude fellow, and to go out in the night, I knew not whither. *Mine eyes have seen that fellow afterwards walking up and down* Boston, *under the appearance of a* Friend-Indian, *and several other of the like Cut.* I went to one *Wigwam*, and they told me they had no room. Then I went to another, and they said the same; at last an old *Indian* bade me come to him, and his *Squaw* gave me some Ground-nuts; she gave me also something to lay under my head, and a good fire we had: and through the good providence of God, I had a comfortable lodging that night. In the morning, another *Indian* bade me come at night, and he would give me six Ground nuts, which I did. We were at this place and time about two miles from *Connecticut River*. We went in the morning to gather Ground-nuts, to the River, and went back again that night. I went with a good load at my back (for they when they went, though but a little way, would carry all their trumpery with them) I told them the skin was off my back, but I had no other comforting answer from them than this, *That it would be no matter if my head were off too.*

The thirteenth Remove.

Inſtead of going toward the Bay, *which was that I deſired, I muſt go with them five or ſix miles down the River into a mighty Thicket of Bruſh: where we abode almoſt a fortnight.* Here one asked me to make a ſhirt for her *Papoos*, for which ſhe gave me a meſs of Broth, which was thickened with meal made of the Bark of a Tree, and to make it the better, ſhe had put into it about a handfull of Peaſe, and a few roaſted Ground-nuts. I had not ſeen my ſon a pritty while, and here was an *Indian* of whom I made inquiry after him, and asked him when he ſaw him: he anſwered me, that ſuch a time his maſter roaſted him, and that himſelf did eat a piece of him, as big as his two fingers, and that he was very good meat: *But the Lord upheld my Spirit under this diſcouragement; and I conſidered their horrible addictedneſs to lying, and that there is not one of them that makes the leaſt conſcience of ſpeaking of truth.* In this place, on a cold night, as I lay by the fire, I removed a ſtick that kept the heat from me, a *Squaw* moved it down again, at which I lookt up, and ſhe threw a handfull of aſhes in mine eyes; I thought I ſhould have been quite blinded, and have never ſeen more: but lying down, the water run out of my eyes, and carried the dirt with it, that by the morning I recovered my ſight again. Upon this, and the like occaſions, I hope it is not too much to ſay with *Job*, *Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my Friends, for the Hand*

of

of the Lord has touched me. And here I cannot but remember how many times sitting in their *Wigwams*, and musing on things past, I should suddenly leap up and run out, as if I had been at home, forgetting where I was, and what my condition was: But when I was without, and saw nothing but *Wilderness*, and *Woods*, and a company of barbarous heathens: my mind quickly returned to me, which made me think of that, spoken concerning *Sampson*, who said, I *will go out and shake myself as at other times, but he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.* About this time I began to think that all my hopes of Restoration would come to nothing. I thought of the *English* Army, and hoped for their coming, and being taken by them, but that failed. I hoped to be carried to *Albany*, as the *Indians* had discoursed before, but that failed also. I thought of being sold to my Husband, as my master spake, but in stead of that, my master himself was gone, and I left behind, so that my Spirit was now quite ready to sink. I asked them to let me go out and pick up some sticks, that I might get alone, *And poure out my heart unto the Lord.* Then also I took my Bible to read, but I found no comfort here neither: which many times I was wont to find: *So easie a thing it is with God to dry up the Streames of Scripture-comfort from us.* Yet I can say, that in all my sorrows and afflictions, God did not leave me to have my impatience work towards himself, as if his wayes were unrighteous;

But

But I knew that he laid upon me leſs then j deſerved Afterward, before this doleſull time ended with me, I was turning the leaves of my Bible, and the Lord brought to me ſome Scriptures, which did a little revive me, as that *Iſai.55.8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways ſaith the Lord.* And alſo that, *Pſal.37.5. Commit thy way unto the Lord, truſt alſo in him, and he ſhal bring it to paſs.* About this time they came yelping from *Hadly*, where they had killed three *Engliſh men*, and brought one Captive with them, *viz. Thomas Read.* They all gathered about the poor Man, asking him many Queſtions. I deſired alſo to go and ſee him; and when I came, he was crying bitterly: ſuppoſing they would quickly kill him. Whereupon j asked one of them, whether they intended to kill him; he anſwered me, they would not: He being a little cheared with that, I asked him about the welfare of my Huſband, he told me he ſaw him ſuch a time in the *Bay*, and he was well, but very melancholly. By which I certainly underſtood *(though I ſuſpected it before)* that whatſoever the *Indians* told me reſpecting him was vanity and lies. Some of them told me, he was dead, and they had killed him: ſome ſaid he was Married again, and that the Governour wiſhed him to Marry; and told him he ſhould have his choice, and that all perſwaded I was dead So like were theſe barbarous creatures to him who was a lyer from the beginning.

As I was ſitting once in the *Wigwam* here, *Philip*'s Maid came in with the Child in her arms, and asked me to give her a piece of my Apron, to make a flap for it, I told her I would not: then my Miſtriſs had me give it, but ſtill I ſaid no: the maid told me if I would not give her a piece, ſhe would tear a piece off it: *I* told her I would tear her Coat then with that my Miſtriſs riſes up, and takes up a ſtick big enough to have killed me, and ſtruck at me with it, but I ſtept out, and ſhe ſtruck the ſtick into the Mat of the Wigwam. But while ſhe was pulling of it out, j ran to the Maid and gave her all my Apron, and ſo that ſtorm went over.

Hearing that my Son was come to this place, I went to ſee him, and told him his Father was well, but very melancholly: he told me he was as much grieved for his Father as for himſelf; I wondred at his ſpeech, for I thought I had enough upon my ſpirit in reference to my ſelf, to make me mindleſs of my Husband and every one elſe: they being ſafe among their Friends. He told me alſo, that a while before, his Maſter (together with other *Indians* where going to the *French* for Powder; but by the way the *Mohawks* met with them, and killed four of their Company which made the reſt turn back again, for which I deſire that my ſelf and he may bleſs the Lord; for it might have been woſſe with him, had he been ſold to the *French*, than it proved to be in his remaining with the *Indians*

I went to ſee an *Engliſh* Youth in this place, one

John

John Gilberd of *Springfield* I found him lying without dores, upon the ground; I asked him how he did? he told me he was very sick of a flux, with eating so much blood: They had turned him out of the Wigwam, and with him an *Indian Papoos*, almost dead, (whose Parents had been killed) in a bitter cold day, without fire or clothes: the young man himself had nothing on, but his shirt & waistcoat. This sight was enough to melt a heart of flint. There they lay quivering in the Cold, the youth round like a dog; the *Papoos* stretcht out, with his eyes and nose and mouth full of dirt, and yet alive, and groaning. I advised John to go and get to some fire: he told me he cou'd not stand, but I perswaded him still, left he should ly there and die: and with much adoe I got him to a fire, and went my self home. As soon as I was got home, his Masters Daughter came after me, to know what I had done with the *English man*, I told her I had got him to a fire in such a place. Now had I need to pray *Pauls* Prayer, 2 *Thess.* 3. 2. *That we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.* For her satisfaction I went along with her, and brought her to him; but before I got home again, it was coised about, that I was running away and getting the *English* youth: along with me: that as soon as I came in, they began to rant and domineer: asking me where I had been, and what I had been doing? and saying they would knock him on the head: I told them, I had been seeing the

the *English Youth*, and that I would not run away, they told me I lyed, and taking up a Hatchet, they came to me, and said they would knock me down if I stirred out again; and so confined me to the *Wigwam*. Now may I say with *David*, 2 *Sam.* 24. 14. *I am in a great strait.* If I keep in, I must dy with hunger, and if I go out, I must be knockt in head. This distressed condition held that day, and half the next; *And then the Lord remembred me, whose mercyes are great.* Then came an *Indian* to me with a pair of stockings that were too big for him, and he would have me ravel them out, and knit them fit for him. I shewed my self willing, and bid him ask my mistriss if I might go along with him a little way; she said yes, I might, but I was not a little refresht with that news, that I had my liberty again. Then I went along with him, and he gave me some roasted Ground-nuts, which did again revive my feeble stomach.

Being got out of her sight, I had time and liberty again to look into my Bible: *Which was my Guid by day, and my Pillow by night.* Now that comfortable Scripture presented it self to me, *Isa.* 54 7. *For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.* Thus the Lord carried me along from one time to another, and made good to me this precious promise, and many others. *Then my Son came to see me*, and I asked his master to let him stay a while with me, that I

might

might comb his head, and look over him, for he was almoſt over come with lice. He told me, when I had done, that he was very hungry, but I had nothing to relieve him; but bid him go into the Wigwams as he went along, and ſee if he could get any thing among them. Which he did, and it ſeemes tarried a little too long; for his Maſter was angry with him, and beat him, and then ſold him. Then he came running to tell me he had a new Maſter. and that he had given him ſome Groundnuts already. Then I went along with him to his new Maſter who told me he loved him: and he ſhould not want. So his Maſter carried him away, & I never ſaw him afterward, till I ſaw him at *Paſcataqua* in *Portsmouth*.

That night they bade me go out of the *Wigwam* again: my Miſtriſſes Papoes was ſick, and it died that night, and there was one benefit in it, that there was more room. I went to a *Wigwam*, and they bade me come in, and gave me a skin to ly upon, and a meſs of Venſon and Ground-nuts, which was a choice Diſh among them. On the morrow they burried the *Papoes*, and afterward, both morning and evening, there came a company to mourn and howle with her: though I confeſs, I could not much condole with them. Many ſorrowfull dayes I had in this place: often getting alone; *like a Crane, or a Swallow ſo did I chatter: I did mourn as a Dove, mine eyes fail with looking upward O, Lord I am oppreſſed undertake for me,* Iſa. 38 14

I could tell the Lord as *Hezekiah*, ver. 3. *Remember now, O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth.* Now had I time to examine all my wayes: my Conscience did not accuse me of un-righteousness toward one or other: yet I saw how in my walk with God, I had been a careless creature. As *David* said, *Against thee, thee only have I sinned*: & I might say with the poor Publican, *God be merciful unto me a sinner.* On the Sabbath-dayes, I could look upon the Sun and think how People were going to the house of God, to have their Souls refresht; & then home, and their bodies also: but I was destitute of both; & might say as the poor Prodigal, *he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the Swine did eat, and no man gave unto him*, Luke 15.16 For I must say with him; *Father I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight*, ver 21. I remembred how on the night before & after the Sabbath, when my Family was about me, and Relations and Neighbours with us, we could pray and sing, and then refresh our bodies with the good creatures of God; and then have a comfortable Bed to ly down on: but in stead of all this, I had only a little Swill for the body, and then like a Swine, must ly down on the ground. I cannot expresse to man the sorrow that lay upon my Spirit, the Lord knows it. Yet that comfortable Scripture would often come to my mind, *For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.*

The

The fourteenth Remove.

Now muſt we pack up and be gone from this thicket, bending our courſe toward the Bay-towns having nothing to eat by the way this day, but a few crumbs of Cake, that an *Indian* gave my girle the ſame day we were taken. She gave it me, and I put it in my pocket: there it lay, till it was ſo mouldy (for want of good baking) that one could not tell what it was made of; it fell all to crumbs, & grew ſo dry and hard, that it was like little flints; & this refreſhed me many times, when I was ready to faint. I was in my thoughts when I put it into my mouth; that if ever I returned, I would tell the World what a bleſſing the Lord gave to ſuch mean food. As we went along, they killed a *Deer*, with a young one in her. they gave me a piece of the *Fawn*, and it was ſo young and tender, that one might eat the bones as well as the fleſh, and yet I thought it very good. when night came on we ſate down; it rained, but they quickly got up a Bark Wigwam, where I lay dry that night. I looked out in the morning, and many of them had line in the rain all night, I ſaw by their Reaking. Thus the Lord dealt mercifully with me many times. and I fared better than many of them. In the morning they took the blood of the *Deer*, and put it into the Paunch, and ſo boyled it; I could eat nothing of that, though they ate it sweetly. And yet they were ſo nice in other things,

That

that when I had fetcht Water, and had put the Diſh I dipt the water with, into the Kettle of water which I brought, they would ſay, they would knock me down; for they ſaid, it was a ſluttiſh trick.

The fifteenth Remove.

We went on our Travel, having got one handfull of Ground-nuts, for my ſupport that day they gave me my load, and I went on cheerfully [with the thoughts of going homeward] having my burden more on my back than my ſpirit: we came to *Baquang River* again that day, near which we abode a few dayes Sometimes one of them would give me a Pipe, another a little Tobacco, another a little Salt: which I would change for a little Victuals. I cannot but think what a Wolviſh appetite perſons have in a ſtarving condition: for many times when they gave me that which was hot, I was ſo greedy, that I ſhou'd burn my mouth, that it would trouble me hours after, and yet I ſhould quickly do the ſame again. And after I was thorougly hungry, I was never again ſatisfied. For though ſometimes it fell out, that I got enough, and did eat till I could eat no more, yet I was as unſatisfied as I was when I began. And now could I ſee that Scripture verified (there being many Scriptures which we do not take notice of, or underſtand till we are afflicted) *Mic. 6. 14. Thou ſhalt eat and not be ſatisfied.* No: might I ſee more than ever before, the miſeries that ſin

ſin hath brought upon us: Many times I ſhould be ready to run out againſt the Heathen, but the Scripture would quiet me again, *Amos*, 3. 6. *Shal there be evil in the City, and the Lord hath not done it?* The Lord help me to make a right improvment of His Word, and that I might learn that great leſſon, *Mic.* 6. 8,9. *He hath ſhewed thee (Oh Man) what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do juſtly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God? Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.*

The ſixteenth Remove.

We began this Remove with wading over Baquag *River: the water was up to the knees, and the ſtream very ſwift, and ſo cold that I thought it would have cut me in ſunder.* I was ſo weak and feeble, that I reeled as I went along, and thought there I muſt end my dayes at laſt, after my bearing and getting thorough ſo many difficulties; the *Indians* ſtood laughing to ſee me ſtaggering along: but in my diſtreſs the Lord gave me experience of the truth, and goodneſs of that promiſe, *Iſai.* 43. 2. *When thou paſſeſt thorough the Waters, I will be with thee, and through the Rivers, they ſhall not overflow thee.* Then I ſat down to put on my ſtockins and ſhoes, with the teares running down mine eyes, and many ſorrowfull thoughes in my heart, but I gat up to go along with them. Quickly there came up to us an *Indian*, who informed them, that I muſt go to *Wachuſet* to my maſter, for there was a Letter come from

the Council to the *Saggamores*, about redeeming the Captives, and that there would be another in fourteen dayes, and that I muſt be there ready. My heart was ſo heavy before that I could ſcarce ſpeak or go in the path; and yet now ſo light, that I could run. My ſtrength ſeemed to come again, and recruit my feeble knees, and aking heart: yet it pleaſed them to go but one mile that night, and there we ſtayed two dayes. *In* that time came a company of *Indians* to us, near thirty, all on horſe-back. My heart skipt within me, thinking they had been *Engliſh-men* at the firſt ſight of them, for they were dreſſed in *Engliſh* Apparel, with Hats, white Neckcloths,, and Saſhes about their waſts, and Ribbonds upon their ſhoulders: but when they came near, their was a vaſt difference between the lovely faces of Chriſtians, and the foul looks of thoſe Heathens, which much damped my ſpirit again.

The ſeventeenth Remove.

A comfortable Remove it was to me, becauſe of my hopes. They gave me a pack, and along we went chearfully; but quickly my will proved more than my ſtrength; having little or no refreſhing my ſtrength failed me, and my ſpirit were almoſt quite gone. Now may I ſay with *David*, Pſal. 119. 22,23,24. *I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like the ſhadow when it declineth: I am toſſed up and down like the locuſts my knees are weak through faſting, and my fleſh fail*

th of faintneſs. At night we came to an *Indian Town*, and the *Indians* ſate down by a *Wigwam* diſcourſing, but I was almoſt ſpent, and could ſcarce ſpeak. I laid down my load, and went into the *Wigwam*, and there ſat an *Indian* boyling of *Horſes feet* (they being wont to eat the fleſh firſt, and when the feet were old and dried, and they had nothing elſe, they would cut off the feet and uſe them) I asked him to give me a little of his Broth, or Water they were boiling in; he took a diſh, and gave me one ſpoonfull of Samp, and bid me take as much of the Broth, as I would. Then I put ſome of the hot water to the Samp, and drank it up, and my ſpirit came again. He gave me alſo a piece of the Ruff or Ridding of the ſmall Guts, and I broiled it on the coals; and now may I ſay with *Jonathan*, *See, I pray you, how mine eyes have been enlightened, becauſe I taſted a little of this honey*, 1 *Sam.* 14. 29. Now is my Spirit revived again, though means be never ſo inconſiderable, yet if the Lord beſtow his bleſſing upon them, they ſhall refreſh both Soul and Body.

The eighteenth Remove.

We took up our packs and along we went, but a merriſome day I had of it. As we went along I ſaw an *Engliſh-man* ſtript naked, and lying dead upon the ground, but knew not who it was. Then we came to another *Indian Town*, where we ſtayed all night. In this Town there were four *Engliſh Children*, Captives; and one of them my own Siſters

I went to ſee how ſhe did, and ſhe was well, conſidering her Captive-condition. I would have tarried that night with her, but they that owned her would not ſuffer it. Then I went into another *Wigwam*, where they were boyling Corn and Beans, which was a lovely ſight to ſee, but I could not get a taſte thereof. Then I went to another *Wigwam*, where there were two of the *Engliſh Children*; the *Squaw* was boyling *Horſes feet*, then ſhe cut me off a little piece, and gave one of the *Engliſh Children* a piece alſo. Being very hungry I had quickly eat up mine, but the Child could not bite it, it was ſo tough and ſinewy, but lay ſucking, gnawing, chewing and ſlabbering of it in the mouth and hand, then I took it of the Child, and eat it my ſelf, and ſavoury it was to my taſte. Then I may ſay as *Job Chap. 6. 7. The things that my ſoul refuſed to touch, are as my ſorrowfull meat.* Thus the Lord made that pleaſant refreſhing, which another time would have been an abomination. Then I went home to my miſtreſſes *Wigwam*; and they told me I diſgraced my maſter with begging, and if I did ſo any more, they would knock me in head: I told them, they had as good knock me in head as ſtarve me to death.

The nineteenth Remove.

They ſaid, when we went out, that we muſt travel to Wachuſet this day. But a bitter weary day I had of it, travelling now three dayes together, without reſting any day between. At laſt, after many wea

ry ſteps, I ſaw *Wachuſet* hills, but many miles off. Then we came to a great *Swamp*, through which we travelled up to the knees, in mud and water, which was heavy going to one tyred before. Being almoſt ſpent, I thought I ſhould have ſunk down at laſt, and never gat out; but I may ſay, as in *Pſal.* 94.18. *When my foot ſlipped, thy mercy, O Lord held me up.* Going along, having indeed my life, but little ſpirit, *Philip*, who was in the Company, came up and took me by the hand, and ſaid, *Two weeks more and you ſhal be Miſtreſs again.* I asked him, if he ſpake true? he anſwered, Yes, *and quickly you ſhal come to your maſter again*; who had been gone from us three weeks. After many weary ſteps we came to *Wachuſet*, where he was: and glad I was to ſee him. He asked me, *When I waſht me?* I told him not this month, then he fetcht me ſome water himſelf, and bid me waſh, and gave me the Glaſs to ſee how I lookt; and bid his *Squaw* give me ſomething to eat: ſo ſhe gave me a meſs of Beans and meat, and a little Ground-nut Cake. I was wonderfully revived with this favour ſhewed me, *Pſal.* 106.46 *He made them alſo to be pitied of all thoſe that carried them Captives.*

My maſter had three Squaws, *living ſometimes with one, and ſometimes with another one, this old* Squaw, *at whoſe* Wigwan *I was, and with whom my Maſter had been thoſe three weeks.* Another was *Weetamore*, with whom I had lived and ſerved all this while: A ſevere and proud Dame ſhe was;

beſtowing every day in dreſſing her ſelf neat as much time as any of the Gentry of the land: powdering her hair, and painting her face, going with Neck-laces, with Jewels in her ears, and Bracelets upon her hands: When ſhe had dreſſed her ſelf, her work was to make Girdles of *Wampom* and *Beads*. The third *Squaw* was a younger one, by whom he had two *Papooſes*. By that time I was refreſht by the old *Squaw*, with whom my maſter was, *Wetamores* Maid came to call me home, at which I fell a weeping. Then the old *Squaw* told me, to encourage me, that if I wanted victuals, I ſhould come to her, and that I ſhould dwell there in her *Wigwam*. Then I went with the maid, and quickly came again and lodged there. The *Squaw* laid a Mat under me, and a good Rugg over me; the firſt time I had any ſuch kindneſs ſhewed me. I underſtood that *Wettamore* thought, that if ſhe ſhould let me go and ſerve with the old *Squaw*, ſhe would be in danger to looſe, not only my ſervice, but the redemption-pay alſo. And I was not a little glad to hear this; being by it raiſed in my hopes, that in Gods due time there would be an end of this ſorrowfull hour. Then came an *Indian*, and asked me to knit him three pair of Stockins, for which I had a Hat, and a ſilk Handkerchief. Then another asked me to make her a ſhift, for which ſhe gave me an Apron.

Then came Tom *and* Peter, *with the ſecond Letter from the Council, about the Captives.* Though they were *Indians*, I gat them by the hand, and burſt

burſt out into tears; my heart was ſo full that I could not ſpeak to them; but recovering my ſelf, I asked them how my husband did, & all my friends and acquaintance? they ſaid, *They are all very well but melancholy* They brought me two Biskets, and a pound of Tobacco. The Tobacco I quickly gave away; when it was all gone, one asked me to give him a pipe of Tobacco, I told him it was all gone; *then began he to rant and threaten.* I told him when my Husband came I would give him ſome: *Hang him Rogue (ſaies he) I will knock out his brains, if he comes here.* And then again, in the ſame breath they would ſay, *That if there ſhould come an hundred without Guns, they would do them no hurt.* So unſtable and like mad men they were. So that fearing the worſt, I durſt not ſend to my Husband, though there were ſome thoughts of his coming to Redeem and fetch me, not knowing what might follow; *For there was little more truſt to them then to the maſter they ſerved.* When the Letter was come, the *Saggamores* met to conſult about the Captives, and called me to them to enquire how much my husband would give to redeem me, when I came I ſate down among them, as I was wont to do, as their manner is: *Then they bade me ſtand up,* and ſaid, *they were the General Court. They bid me ſpeak what I thought he would give,* Now knowing that all we had was deſtroyed by the *Indians,* I was in a great ſtrait: I thought if I ſhould ſpeak of but a little, it would be ſlighted, and hin-

der

der the matter; If of a great ſum, I knew not where it would be procured: yet at a venture, I ſaid *Twenty pounds*, yet deſired them to take leſs; but they would not hear of that, but ſent that meſſage to *Boſton*, that for *Twenty pounds* I ſhould be redeemed. It was a Praying-*Indian* that wrote their Letter for them. There was another Praying *Indian*, who told me, that he had a brother, that would not eat Horſe; his conſcience was ſo tender and ſcrupulous (though as large as hell, for the deſtruction of poor *Chriſtians*). Then he ſaid, he read that Scripture to him, 2 *Kings*, 6. 25. *There was a famine in* Samaria, *and behold they beſieged it, untill an Aſſes head was ſold for fourſcore pieces of ſilver, and the fourth part of a Kab of Doves dung, for five pieces of ſilver.* He expounded this place to his brother, and ſhewed him that it was lawfull to eat that in a Famine which is not at another time. And now, ſayes he, he will eat Horſe with any *Indian* of them all. There was another Praying-*Indian*, who when he had done all the miſchief that he could, betrayed his own Father into the *Engliſh* hands, thereby to purchaſe his own life. Another Praying-*Indian* was at *Sudbury-fight*, though, as he deſerved, he was afterward hanged for it. There was another Praying *Indian*, ſo wicked and cruel, as to wear a ſtring about his neck, ſtrung with *Chriſtians* fingers. Another Praying-*Indian*, when they went to *Sudbury-fight*, went with them, and his *Squaw* alſo with him, with her *Papoos* at her back

back: Before they went to that fight, they got a company together to *Powaw*; the manner was as followeth. There was one that kneeled upon a *Deer-skin*, with the company round him in a ring who kneeled, and ſtriking upon the ground with their hands, and with ſticks; and muttering or humming with their mouths, beſides him who kneeled in the ring, there alſo ſtood one with a Gun in his hand: Then he one the *Deer-skin* made a ſpeech, and all manifeſted aſſent to it: and ſo they did many times together. Then they bade him with the Gun go out of the ring, which he did, but when he was out, they called him in again; but he ſeemed to make a ſtand, then they called the more earneſtly, till he returned again: Then they all ſang. Then they gave him two Guns, in either hand one: And ſo he on the *Deer-skin* began again; and at the end of every ſentence in his ſpeaking, they all aſſented, humming or muttering with their mouthes, and ſtriking upon the ground with their hands. Then they bade him with the two Guns go out of the ring again; which he did, a little way. Then they called him in again, but he made a ſtand; ſo they called him with greater earneſtneſs; but he ſtood reeling and wavering as if he knew not whither he ſhould ſtand or fall, or which way to go. Then they called him with exceeding great vehemency, all of them, one and another: after a little while he turned in, ſtaggering as he went, with his Armes ſtretched out, in either

either hand a Gun. As ſoon as he came in, they all ſang and rejoyced exceedingly a while. And then he ſpread the *Deer-skin*, made another ſpeech unto which they all aſſented in a rejoicing manner: and ſo they ended their buſineſs, and forthwith went to *Sudbury-fight*. To my thinking they went without any ſcruple, but that they ſhould proſper, and gain the victory: And they went out not ſo rejoycing, but they came home with as great a Victory. For they ſaid they had killed two Captains, and almoſt an hundred men. One *Engliſh-man* they brought along with them: and he ſaid, it was too true, for they had made ſad work at *Sudbury*, as indeed it proved. Yet they came home without that rejoycing and triumphing over their victory, which they were wont to ſhew at other times; but rather like Dogs (as they ſay) which have loſt their ears. Yet I could not perceive that it was for their own loſs of men: They ſaid, they had not loſt above five or ſix: and I miſſed none, except in one *Wigwam*. When they went, they acted as if the Devil had told them that they ſhould gain the victory: and now they acted, as if the Devil had told them they ſhould have a fall. Whither it were ſo or no, I cannot tell, but ſo it proved, for quickly they began to fall, and ſo held on that Summer, till they came to utter ruine. They came home on a Sabbath day, and the *Pawaw* that kneeled upon the *Deer-skin* came home (I may ſay, without abuſe) as black as the Devil.

When

When my maſter came home, he came to me and bid me make a ſhirt for his *Papoos*, of a holland-laced Pillowbeer About that time there came an *Indian* to me and bid me come to his *Wigwam*, at night, and he would give me ſome Pork & Ground nuts. Which I did, and as I was eating, another *Indian* ſaid to me, he ſeems to be your good Friend, but he killed two *Engliſhmen* at *Sudbury*, and there ly their Cloaths behind you: I looked behind me, and there I ſaw bloody Cloaths, with Bullet-holes in them; yet the Lord ſuffered not this wretch to do me any hurt; Yea, inſtead of that, he many times refreſht me: five or ſix times did he and his *Squaw* refreſh my feeble carcaſs. If I went to their *Wigwam* at any time, they would alwayes give me ſomething, and yet they were ſtrangers that I never ſaw before. Another *Squaw* gave me a piece of freſh Pork, and a little Salt with it, and lent me her Pan to Fry it in; and I cannot but remember what a ſweet, pleaſant and delightfull reliſh that bit had to me, to this day. So little do we prize common mercies when we have them to the full.

The twentieth Remove.

It was their uſual manner to remove, when they had done any miſchief, leſt they ſhould be found out: and ſo they did at this time. We went about three or four miles, and there they built a great *Wigwam*, big enough to hold an hundred *Indians*, which they did in preparation to a great day of Dancing

They

They would ſay now amongſt themſelves, that the *Governour* would be ſo angry for his loſs at *Sudbury*, that he would ſend no more about the Captives, which made me grieve and tremble. My Siſter being not far from the place where we now were: and hearing that I was here, deſired her maſter to let her come and ſee me, and he was willing to it, and would go with her: but ſhe being ready before him, told him ſhe would go before, and was come within a Mile or two of the place; Then he overtook her, and began to rant as if he had been mad; and made her go back again in the Rain; ſo that I never ſaw her till I ſaw her in *Charlestown*. But the Lord requited many of their ill doings, for this *Indian* her Maſter, was hanged afterward at *Boſton*. The *Indians* now began to come from all quarters, againſt their merry dancing day. Among ſome of them came one *Goodwife Kettle*: I told her my heart was ſo heavy that it was ready to break: ſo is mine too ſaid ſhe, but yet ſaid, I hope we ſhall hear ſome good news ſhortly. I could hear how earneſtly my Siſter deſired to ſee me, & I as earneſtly deſired to ſee her: and yet neither of us could get an opportunity. My Daughter was alſo now about a mile off, and I had not ſeen her in nine or ten weeks, as I had not ſeen my Siſter ſince our firſt taking. I earneſtly deſired them to let me go and ſee them: yea, I intreated, begged, and perſwaded them, but to let me ſee my Daughter; and yet ſo hard hearted were they, that they would not

ſuffer

ſuffer it. They made uſe of their tyrannical power whilſt they had it: but through the Lords wonderfull mercy, their time was now but ſhort.

On a Sabbath day, the Sun being about an hour high in the afternoon; came Mr. John Hoar *(the Council permitting him, and his own forward ſpirit inclining him) together with the two forementioned* Indians, Tom *and* Peter *with their third Letter from the Council.* When they came near, I was abroad: though I ſaw them not, they preſently called me in, and bade me ſit down and not ſtir. Then they catched up their Guns, and away they ran, as if an Enemy had been at hand; and the Guns went off apace. I manifeſted ſome great trouble, and they asked me what was the matter? I told them, I *thought they had killed the* Engliſh-man (for they had in the mean time informed me that an *Engliſh-man* was come) they ſaid, *No*; They ſhot over his Horſe and under, and before his Horſe; and they puſht him this way and that way, at their pleaſure: ſhewing what they could do: Then they let them come to their *Wigwams*. I begged of them to let me ſee the *Engliſh-man*, but they would not. But there was I fain to ſit their pleaſure. When they had talked their fill with him, they ſuffered me to go to him. We asked each other of our welfare, and how my Husband did, and all my Friends? He told me they were all well, and would be glad to ſee me. Amongſt other things which my Husband ſent me, there came a pound of *Tobacco*: which I ſold for nine ſhillings in

Mony;

Money: for many of the *Indians* for want of *Tobacco*, ſmoaked *Hemlock*, and *Ground-Ivy*. It was a great miſtake in any, who thought I ſent for *Tobacco*: for through the favour of God, that deſire was overcome. I now asked them, whither I ſhould go home with Mr. *Hoar*? They anſwered *No*, one and another of them: and it being night, we lay down with that anſwer; in the morning, Mr *Hoar* invited the *Saggamores* to Dinner; but when we went to get it ready, we found that they had ſtollen the greateſt part of the Proviſion Mr. *Hoar* had brought, out of his Bags, in the night. *And we may ſee the wonderfull power of God, in that one paſſage, in that when there was ſuch a great number of the* Indians *together, and ſo greedy of a little good food; and no* Engliſh *there, but Mr. Hoar and my ſelf: that there they did not knock us in the head, and take what we had: there being not only ſome Proviſion, but alſo Trading-cloth, a part of the twenty pounds agreed upon: But inſtead of doing us any miſchief, they ſeemed to be aſhamed of the fact, and ſaid, it were ſome* Matchit Indian *that did it.* Oh, that we could believe that there is no thing too hard for God! God ſhewed his Power over the Heathen in this, *as he did over the hungry Lyons when* Daniel *was caſt into the Den.* Mr. *Hoar* called them betime to Dinner, but they ate very little, they being ſo buſie in dreſſing themſelves, and getting ready for their Dance: which was carried one by eight of them; four *Men* and

four *Squaws*: My maſter and miſtriſs being two. He was dreſſed in his Holland ſhirt, with great Laces ſewed at the tail of it, he had his ſilver Buttons, his white Stockins, his Garters were hung round with Shillings, and he had Girdles of *Wampom upon his head and ſhoulders*. She had a Kerſey Coat, and covered with Girdles of *Wampom* from the Loins upward: her armes from her elbows to her hands were covered with Bracelets; there were handfulls of Neck-laces about her neck, and ſeverall ſorts of Jewels in her ears. She had fine red Stokins, and white Shoos, her hair powdered and face painted Red, that was alwayes before Black. And all the Dancers were after the ſame manner. There were two other ſinging and knocking on a Kettle for their muſick. They keept hopping up and down one after another, with a Kettle of water in the midſt, ſtanding warm upon ſome Embers, to drink of when they were dry. They held on till it was almoſt night, throwing out *Wampom* to the ſtanders by. At night I asked them again, if I ſhould go home? They all as one ſaid No, except my Husband would come for me. When we were lain down, my Maſter went out of the *Wigwam*, and by and by ſent in an *Indian* called *James* the *Printer*, who told Mr. *Hoar*, that my Maſter would let me go home to morrow, if he would let him have one pint of Liquors. Then Mr. *Hoar* called his own *Indians*, *Tom* and *Peter*, and bid them go and ſee whither he would promiſe it be-

fore

fore them three: and if he would, he ſhould have it; which he did, and he had it. Then *Philip* fmelling the buſineſs cal'd me to him, and asked me what I would give him, to tell me ſome good news, and ſpeak a good word for me, I told him, I *could not tell what to give him, I would any thing I had, and asked him what he would have?* He ſaid, two Coats and twenty ſhillings in Mony, and half a buſhel of ſeed Corn, and ſome Tobacco. I thanked him for his love: but I knew the good news as well as the crafty *Fox*. My Maſter after he had had his drink, quickly came ranting into the *Wigwam* again, and called for Mr. *Hoar*, drinking to him, and ſaying, *He was a good man*: and then again he would ſay, *Hang him Rogue*: Being almoſt drunk, he would drink to him, and yet preſently ſay he ſhould be hanged. Then he called for me, I trembled to hear him, yet I was fain to go to him, and be drunk to me, ſhewing no incivility. He was the firſt *Indian* I ſaw drunk all the while that I was amongſt them. At laſt his *Squaw* ran out, and he after her, round the *Wigwam*, with his mony jingling at his knees: But ſhe eſcaped him: But having an old *Squaw* he ran to her: and ſo through the Lords mercy, we were no more troubled that night. *Yet I had not comfortable nights reſt: for I think I can ſay, I did not ſleep for three nights together.* The night before the Letter came from the Council, I could not reſt, I was ſo full of fears and troubles, God many times leaving us moſt in the dark, when deliverance

nnee is neareſt: yea, at this time I could not reſt night nor day. The next night I was overjoyed, Mr. *Hoar* being come, and that with ſuch good tidings. The third night *I* was even ſwallowed up with the thoughts of things, *viz.* that ever I ſhould go home again; and that I muſt go, leaving my Children behind me in the *Wilderneſs*; ſo that ſleep was now almoſt departed from mine eyes.

On *Tueſday morning* they called their *General* Court (as they call it) to conſult and determine, whether I ſhould go home or no: And they all as one man did ſeemingly conſent to it, that I ſhould go home; except *Philip*, who would not come among them.

But before *I* go any further, I would take leave to mention a few remarkable paſſages of providence, which I took ſpecial notice of in my afflicted time.

1. *Of the fair opportunity loſt in the long March, a little after the* Fort-fight, *when our* Engliſh Army *was ſo numerous, and in purſuit of the* Enemy, *and ſo near as to take ſeveral and deſtroy them: and the* Enemy *in ſuch diſtreſs for food, that our men might track them by their rooting in the earth for Groundnuts, whileſt they were flying for their lives.* I ſay, that then our Army ſhould want Proviſion, and be forced to leave their purſuit and return homeward: and this very next week the *Enemy* came upon our *Town*, like Bears bereft of their whelps, or ſo many ravenous Wolves, rending us and our Lambs to

death. But what ſhall I ſay? God ſeemed to leave his People to themſelves, and order all things for his own holy ends. *Shal there be evil in the City and the Lord hath not done it? They are not grieved for the affliction of* Joſeph, *therefore ſhal they go Captive, with the firſt that go Captive.* It is the Lords doing, and it ſhould be marvelous in our eyes.

2. I cannot but remember how the *Indians* derided the ſlowneſs, and dulneſs of the *Engliſh* Army, in its ſetting out. For after the deſolations at *Lancaſter* and *Meadfield*, as I went along with them, they asked me when I thought the *Engliſh* Army would come after them? I told them I could not tell: It may be they will come in *May*, ſaid they. Thus did they ſcoffe at us, as if the *Engliſh* would be a quatter of a year getting ready

3. *Which alſo I have hinted before, when the* Engliſh *Army with new ſupplies were ſent forth to purſue after the enemy, & they underſtanding it: fled before them till they came to* Baquaug *River, where they forthwith went over ſafely: that that River ſhould be impaſſable to the* Engliſh. I can but admire to ſee the wonderfull providence of God in preſerving the heathen for farther affliction to our poor Country. They could go in great numbers over, but the *Engliſh* muſt ſtop: God had an over-ruling hand in all thoſe things.

4. *It was thought, if their Corn were cut down, they would ſtarve and dy with hunger: and all their Corn that could be found, was deſtroyed, and*

they

they driven from that little they had in ſtore, into the Woods in the midſt of Winter; and yet how to admiration did the Lord preſerve them for his holy ends, and the deſtruction of many ſtill amongſt the *Engliſh*! ſtrangely did the Lord provide for them; that I did not ſee (all the time I was among them) one Man, Woman, or Child, die with hunger.

Though many times they would eat that, that a Hog or a Dog would hardly touch; yet by that God ſtrengthned them to be a ſcourge to his People.

The chief and commoneſt food was Ground-nuts: They eat alſo Nuts and Acorns, Hart-cheaks, Lilly roots, Ground-beans, and ſeveral other weeds and roots, that I know not.

They would pick up old bones, and cut them to pieces at the joynts, and if they were full of wormes and magots, they would ſcald them over the fire to make the vermine come out, and then boile them, and drink up the Liquor, and then beat the great ends of them in a Morter, and ſo eat them. They would eat Horſes guts, and ears, and all ſorts of wild Birds which they could catch: alſo Bear, Venniſon, Beaver, Tortois, Frogs, Squirrels, Dogs, Skunks, Rattle-ſnakes; yea, the very Bark of Trees; beſides all ſorts of creatures, and proviſion which they plundered from the *Engliſh*. I can but ſtand in admiration to ſee the wonderful power of God, in providing for ſuch a vaſt number of our Enemies

in the *Wilderneſs*, where there was nothing to be ſeen, but from hand to mouth. Many times in a morning, the generality of them, would eat up all they had, and yet have ſome further ſupply againſt they wanted. It is ſaid, *Pſal.* 81. 13, 14. *Oh, that my People had hearkned to me, and Iſrael had walked in my wayes, I ſhould ſoon have ſubdued their Enemies, and turned my hand againſt their adverſaries.* But now our perverſe and evil carriages in the ſight of the Lord, have ſo offended him, that inſtead of turning his hand againſt them, the Lord feeds & nouriſhes them up to be a ſcourge to the whole Land.

5. *Another thing that I would obſerve is, the ſtrange providence of God in turning things about when the Indians was at the higheſt, and the* Engliſh *at the loweſt.* I was with the Enemy eleven weeks and five dayes, and not one Week paſſed without the fury of the Enemy, and ſome deſolation by fire and ſword upon one place or other. They mourned (with their black faces) for their own loſſes yet triumphed and rejoyced in their inhumane, and many times deviliſh cruelty to the *Engliſh.* They would boaſt much of their Victories; ſaying, that in two hours time they had deſtroyed ſuch a *Captain*, and his *Company* at ſuch a place; and ſuch a *Captain* and his *Company* in ſuch a place; and ſuch a *Captain* and his *Company* in ſuch a place: and boaſt how many *Towns* they had deſtroyed, and then ſcoffe, and ſay, *They had done them a*

good

good turn, to send them to Heaven so soon. Again, they would say, *This Summer that they would knock all the Rogues in the head, or drive them into the Sea, or make them flie the Country*: thinking surely, *Agag-like, The bitterness of Death is past.* Now the Heathen begi is to think all is their own, & the poor Christians hopes to sail (as to man) and now their eyes are more to God, and their hearts sigh heaven-ward: and to say in good earnest, *Help Lord, or we perish*: When the Lord had brought his people to this, that they saw no help in any thing but himself; then he takes the quarrel into his own hand: and though they had made a pit, in their own imaginations, as deep as hell for the Christians that Summer, yet the Lord hurll'd them selves into it. And the Lord had not so many wayes before to preserve them, but now he hath as many to destroy them.

But to return again to my young home, where we may see a rema kable change of Providence: At first they were all against it, except my Husband would come for me; but afterwards they assented to it, and seemed much to rejoyce in it; some asked me to send them some Bread, others some Tobacco, others shaking me by the hand, offering me a Hood and Scarfe to ride in; not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desire, and the many earnest requests of others put up unto God for me. In my travels an Indian came to me, and told me, if I were wil-

king, he and his *Squaw* would run away, and go home along with me: *I* told him *No*: I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait Gods time, that *I* might go home quietly, and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire, O the wonderfull power of God that *I* have seen, and the experience that I have had: I *have been in the midst of those roaring Lyons, and Salvage Bears, that feared neither God, nor Man, nor the Devil, by night and day, alone and in company: sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered me the least abuse of unchastity to me, in word or action.* Though some are ready to say, I speak it for my own credit; *But I speak it in the presence of God, and to his Glory.* Gods Power is as great now, and as sufficient to save, as when he preserved *Daniel* in the Lions Den; or the three *Children* in the fiery Furnace. I may well say as his *Psal.* 107. 12 *Oh give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.* Let the Redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the Enemy, especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of Enemies quietly and peacably, and not a Dog moving his tongue. So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears, more then all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the Sun going down, Mr. *Hoar*, and my self, and the two

Indians

Indians came to *Lancaſter*, and a ſolemn ſight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years amongſt my Relations and Neighbours, and now not one *Chriſtian* to be ſeen, nor one houſe left ſtanding. We went on to a Farm houſe that was yet ſtanding, where we lay all night: and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but ſtraw to ly on The Lord preſerved us in ſafety that night, and raiſed us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon, we came to *Concord*. Now was I full of joy, and yet not without ſorrow: joy to ſee ſuch a lovely ſight, ſo many *Chriſtians* together, and ſome of them my Neighbours: There *I* met with my Brother, and my Brother in Law, who asked me, if *I* knew where his Wife was? Poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not; ſhe being ſhot down by the houſe was partly burnt: ſo that thoſe who were at *Boſton* at the deſolation of the *Town*, and came back afterward, and buried the dead, did not know her. Yet I was not without ſorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own Children amongſt the reſt, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received and I did not know whither ever I ſhould ſee them again. Being recruited with food and raiment we went to *Boſton* that day, where I met with my dear Husband, but the thoughts of our dear Children, one being dead, and the other we could not tell where, abated our comfort each to other. I

way

was not before ſo much hem'd in with the mercileſs and cruel Heathen, but now as much with pittiful, tender-hearted, and compaſſionate Chriſtians. In that poor, and diſtreſſed, and beggerly condition I was received in, I was kindly entertained in ſeverall Houſes: ſo much love I received from ſeveral (ſome of whom I knew, and others I knew not) that I am not capable to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name: *The Lord reward them ſeven fold into their boſoms of his ſpirituals, for their temporals.* / The *twenty pounds* the price of my redemption was raiſed by ſome *Boſton* Gentlemen, and Ms. *Uſher*, whoſe bounty and religious charity, I would not forget to make mention of. Then Mr. *Thomas Shepard* of *Charlſtown* received us into his Houſe, where we continued eleven weeks; and a Father and Mother they were to us. And many more tender-hearted Friends we met with in that place. We were now in the midſt of love, yet not without much and frequent heavineſs of heart for our poor Children, and other Relations, who were ſtill in affliction. The week following, after my coming in, the Governour and Councel ſent forth to the *Indians* again; and that not without ſucceſs; for they brought in my Siſter, and Good-wife *Kettle*: Their not knowing where our Children were, was a ſore tryal to us ſtill, and yet we were not without ſecret hopes that we ſhould ſee them again That which was dead lay heavier upon my ſpirit, than thoſe which were a-

live

live and amongst the Heathen; thinking how it suffered with its wounds, and I was no way able to relieve it; and how it was buried by the Heathen in the *Wilderness* from among all Christians. We were hurried up and down in our thoughts, sometime we should hear a report that they were gone this way, and sometimes that; and that they were come in, in this place or that: We kept enquiring and listning to hear concerning them, but no certain news as yet. About this time the Council had ordered a day of publick *Thanks-giving*: though I thought I had still cause of mourning, and being unsettled in our minds, we thought we would ride toward the *Eastward*, to see if we could hear any thing concerning our Children. And as we were riding along [God is the wise disposer of all things] between *Ipswich* and *Rowly* we met with Mr. *William Hubbard*, who told us that our Son *Joseph* was come in to Major *Waldrens*, and another with him, which was my Sisters Son. I asked him how he knew it? He said, the Major himself told him so. So along we went till we came to *Newbury*; and their Minister being absent, they desired my Husband to Preach the *Thanks giving* for them; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but would go over to *Salisbury*, to hear further, and come again in the morning; which he did, and Preached there that day. At night, when he had done, one came and told him that his Daughter was come in at *Providence*; Here was

mercy

mercy on both hands: Now hath God fulfilled that precious Scripture which was such a comfort to me in my distressed condition, When my heart was ready to sink into the Earth [my Children being gone I could not tell whither] and my knees trembled under me, *And I was walking thorough the valley of the shadow of Death*: Then the Lord brought, and now has fulfilled that reviving word unto me: Thus saith the Lord, *Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy Work shall be rewarded*, saith the Lord, *and they shall come again from the Land of the Enemy*. Now we were between them, the one on the *East*, and the other on the *West*: Our Son being nearest, we went to him first, to *Portsmouth*, where we met with him, and with the Major also: who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem him under *seven pounds*; which the good People thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the Major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labour of Love. My Sisters Son was redeemed for *four pounds*, which the Council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our Children, we hastened toward the other: going back through *Newbury*, my Husband Preached there on the *Sabbath-day*: for which they rewarded him many fold.

On Munday *we came to* Charlstown, *where we heard that the Governour of* Road-Island *had sent over for our Daughter, to take care of her, being now within*

within his Jurisdiction: which should not pass without our acknowledgments. But she being nearer *Rehoboth* than *Road-Island*, Mr. *Newman* went over, and took care of her, and brought her to his own House. And the goodness of God was admirable to us in our low estate, in that he raised up passionate Friends on every side to us, when we had nothing to recompance any for their love. The *Indians* were now gone that way, that it was apprehended dangerous to go to her: But the Carts which carried Provision to the *English* Army, being guarded, brought her with them to *Dorchester*, where we received her safe: blessed be the Lord for it, *For great is his Power, and he can do whatsoever seemeth him good.* Her coming in was after this manner; She was travelling one day with the *Indians*, with her basket at her back; the company of *Indians* were got before her, and gone out of sight, all except one *Squaw*; she followed the *Squaw* till night, and then both of them lay down, having nothing over them but the heavens, and under them but the earth. Thus she travelled three dayes together, not knowing whither she was going: having nothing to eat or drink but water, and green *Hurtle-berries*. At last they came into *Providence*, where she was kindly entertained by several of that *Town*. The *Indians* often said, that I should never have her under twenty pounds: But now the Lord hath brought her in upon free-cost, and given her to me the second time

time. The Lord make us a bleſſing indeed, each to others. Now have I ſeen that Scripture alſo fulfilled, *Deut.* 30: 4, 7. *If any of thine be driven out to the uttermoſt parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee. And the Lord thy God will put all theſe curſes upon thine enemies, and on them which hate thee, which perſecuted thee.* Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of that horrible pit, and hath ſet us in the midſt of tender-hearted and compaſſionate Chriſtians. It is the deſire of my ſoul, that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are receiving.

Our Family being now gathered together (thoſe of us that were living) the South Church *in* Boſton *hired an Houſe for us: Then we removed from Mr.* Shepards, *thoſe cordial Friends, and went to* Boſton, *where we continued about three quarters of a year: Still the Lord went along with us, and provided graciouſly for us.* I thought it ſomewhat ſtrange to ſet up Houſe-keeping with bare walls; but as Solomon ſayes, *Mony anſwers all things*; and that we had through the benevolence of Chriſtian-friends, ſome in this *Town*, and ſome in that, and others: And ſome from *England*, that in a little time we might look, and ſee the Houſe furniſhed with love. The Lord hath been exceeding good unto us in our low eſtate, in that when we had neither houſe nor home, nor other neceſſaries; the Lord ſo moved the hearts of theſe and thoſe towards us, that

that we wanted neither food, nor raiment for our ſelves or ours, *Prov.* 18. 24. *There is a Friend which ſticketh cloſer than a Brother.* And how many ſuch Friends have we found, and now living amongſt? And truly ſuch a Friend have we found him to be unto us, in whoſe houſe we lived, viz. Mr. *James Whitcomb*, a Friend unto us near hand, and afar off.

I can remember the time, when I uſed to ſleep quietly without workings in my thoughts, whole nights together, but now it is otherwayes with me. When all are faſt about me, and no eye open, but his who ever waketh, my thoughts are upon things paſt, upon the awfull diſpenſation of the Lord towards us; upon his wonderfull power and might, in carrying of us through ſo many difficulties, in returning us in ſafety, and ſuffering none to hurt us. I remember in the night ſeaſon, how the other day I was in the midſt of thouſands of enemies, & nothing but death before me: It was then hard work to perſwade my ſelf, that ever I ſhould be ſatisfied with bread again. But now we are fed with the fineſt of the Wheat, and, as I may ſay, *With honey out of the rock*: In ſtead of the Huſk, we have the fatted Calf: The thoughts of theſe things in the particulars of them, and of the love and goodneſs of God towards us, make it true of me, what *David* ſaid of himſelf, *Pſal.* 6. 6. *I water my Couch with my tears.* Oh! the wonderfull power of God that mine eyes have ſeen, affording

fording matter enough for my thoughts to run in, that when others are ſleeping mine eyes are weeping.

I *have ſeen the extream vanity of this World*: One hour I have been in health, and wealth, wanting nothing: But the next hour in ſickneſs and wounds, and death, having nothing but ſorrow and affliction.

Before I knew what affliction meant, I was ready ſometimes to wiſh for it. When I lived in proſperity; having the comforts of the World about me, my relations by me, my Heart chearfull: and taking little care for any thing; and yet ſeeing many, whom I preferred before my ſelf, under many tryals and afflictions, in ſickneſs, weakneſs, poverty, loſſes, croſſes, and cares of the World, I ſhould be ſometimes jealous leaſt I ſhould have my portion in this life, and that Scripture would come to my mind, *Heb.* 12. 6. *For whom the Lord loveth he chaſteneth, and ſcourgeth every Son whom he receiveth.* But now I ſee the Lord had his time to ſcourge and chaſten me. The portion of ſome is to have their afflictions by drops, now one drop and then another; but the dregs of the Cup, the Wine of aſtoniſhment: like a ſweeping rain that leaveth no food, did the Lord prepare to be my portion Affliction I wanted, and affliction I had, full meaſure (I thought) preſſed down and running over; yet I ſee, when God calls a Perſon to any thing, and through never ſo many difficulties

culties, yet he is fully able to carry them through, and make them ſee, and ſay they have been gainers thereby. And I hope I can ſay in ſome meaſure, As *David* did, *It is good for me that I have been afflicted*: The Lord hath ſhewed me the vanity of theſe outward things. That they are the *Vanity of vanities, and vexation of ſpirit*; that they are but a ſhadow, a blaſt, a bubble, and things of no continuance. That we muſt rely on God himſelf, and our whole dependance muſt be upon him. If trouble from ſmaller matters begin to ariſe in me, I have ſomething at hand to check my ſelf with, and ſay, why am I troubled? It was but the other day that if I had had the world, I would have given it for my freedom, or to have been a Servant to a Chriſtian. I have learned to look beyond preſent and ſmaller troubles, and to be quieted under them, as *Moſes* ſaid, *Exod.* 14. 13. *Stand ſtill and ſee the ſalvation of the Lord.*

FINIS.

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Notes to the Narrative

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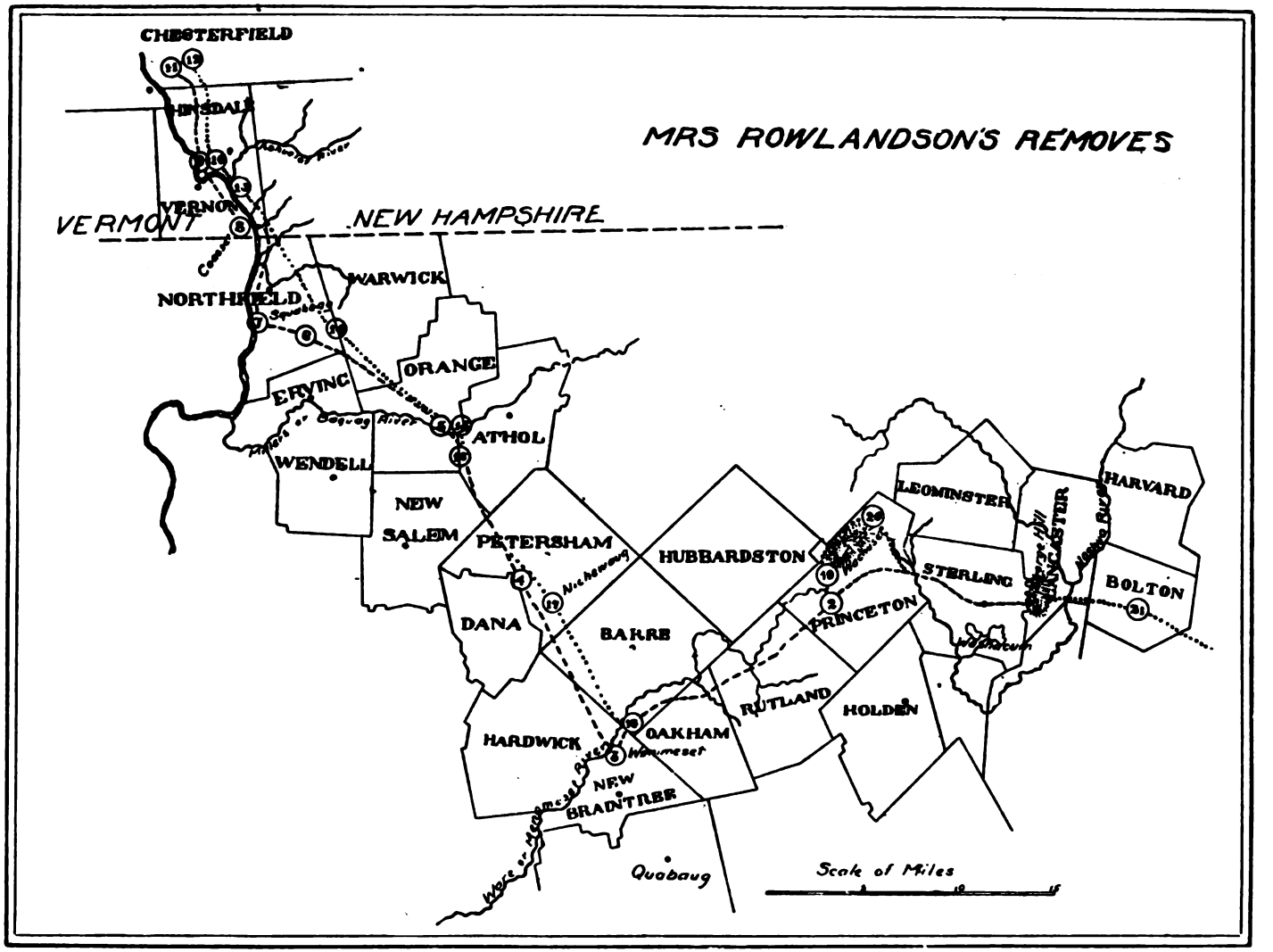

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NOTES TO THE NARRATIVE

BIOGRAPHY

MARY (WHITE) ROWLANDSON was the daughter of John and Joane White, who appeared in Salem as early as 1638, and moved from their Wenham lands to Lancaſter in 1653. John White was the wealthieſt of the original proprietors of Lancaſter, his eſtate being recorded as £380 6*s.* 2*d.* As the pound ſterling in 1653 probably had a purchaſing power five or ſix times as great as at the preſent day, this was equivalent to about twenty thouſand dollars of our money. His wife, Joane, died in 1654. He ſurvived until 1673. His children, all of whom married, were Thomas, Joane, Elizabeth, Mary, Joſiah, Sarah, and Hannah. Mary, the authoreſs, was doubtleſs born in England. She married Reverend Joſeph Rowlandſon in 1656. The dates and places of her birth, her marriage, and her death are not found recorded. She had four children, born in Lancaſter: Mary, 1657, 11m. 15d., died 1660; Joſeph, 1661, 7m. 1d., died 1713 in Wethersfield, having a son Wilſon; Mary, 1665, 6m. 12d., married Jonathan Blodget, of Saliſbury; Sarah, 1669, September 15, died of wound while a captive at Menameſet, now New Braintree, February 29, 1675/6.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF LANCASTER

A brief outline of the tragedy in the Naſhaway Valley, February 10, 1675/6, ſupplying ſome details not given by Mrs. Rowlandſon, is needful to a full underſtanding of her ſtory.

The heroic warrior, Quanapaug, *alias* James Wiſer, a Chriſtian convert of the Naſhaway tribe, employed as a ſcout by Governor Leverett, on January 24, 1675/6, brought timely notice from information which he had received from his friend, Monoco, a Naſhaway ſachem, that the hoſtile Indians aſſembled near Quabaug would fall upon the Engliſh ſettlements in twenty days, and that they would firſt aſſault Lancaſter, then a frontier town of about fifty families, organized into five or ſix garriſons. The lethargic colonial authorities failed to recognize the importance of this warning. But Job Kattenanit, of Natick, another daring ſcout, dragged himſelf to Major Daniel Gookin's door in Cambridge a little before midnight on February ninth, exhauſted with his eighty-mile journey through the wilderneſs upon ſnow-ſhoes from Menameſet, bringing complete confirmation of Quanapaug's report. The confederate tribes were on the warpath, and the blow was to fall on the morrow. Major Gookin hurriedly deſpatched a meſſenger to Concord and Marlborough, ordering the military companies there to the aſſiſtance of Lancaſter. At Marlborough Captain Samuel Wadſworth was poſted with about forty men. Upon receipt of the meſſage at daybreak he haſtened with his command to the

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already beleaguered town about ten miles diſtant, and, by good fortune evading an ambuſcade, fought his way to the garriſon houſe of Cyprian Stevens, which was near and in ſight of the Rowlandſon home, but acroſs the river.

Rumors of the threatening tempeſt of ſavage wrath had ſtirred the quietude of the Naſhaway Valley, and the miniſter, Joſeph Rowlandſon, with the chief military officer of the town, Lieutenant Henry Kerley, and other leading citizens had gone to the Bay to beg help from the apathetic council. There were probably fourteen or more ſoldiers from the lower towns detailed among the various Lancaſter garriſons. Wadſworth's force was inſufficient for aggreſſive tactics, and his arrival too late to aſſiſt thoſe in the miniſter's garriſon. At John Preſcott's, Richard Wheeler's, Thomas Sawyer's, and Nathaniel Joſlin's, as well as Cyprian Stevens' paliſaded houſes the defence was ſucceſsful, and the Indians, knowing that a mounted force of eighty men from Concord and other reenforcements were approaching, retired to the hills with rich ſpoils gathered from abandoned farms and twenty-four captives; where they were ſafe from any force the Engliſh could bring againſt them. In a ſingle day a fair ſcene of rural induſtry and content had become more deſolate than the rude wilderneſs from which it had been laborioufly conquered.

The ſurvivors under the protection of the ſoldiers buried their mangled dead, and ſuch as had no relatives in the Bay towns able to receive them were gathered into the well-fortified garriſon of Thomas Sawyer in the ſouth village and that of Cyprian Stevens near the North River

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bridge. Their petition ſent to the colonial authorities continues the pitiful tale. It is in the handwriting of Stevens, and preſerved in Maſſachuſetts Archives, LXVIII. 156.

To the Honer^d^ Gournor and Counſell

The humble petition of the poor deſtreſſed people of Lancaſter, humbley ſheweth, that ſence the enemy mad ſuch ſad & diſmall hauocke amongſt our deare ffreinds & Bretheren, & we that are left who haue our Liues for a prey ſadly ſencable of Gods Judgm^ts^ upon us, this with the deſtreſſe we are now in dus embolden us to preſent our humble Requeſts to yo^r^ Honors, hoping our Condiſions may be conſidered by you & our Requeſts find exceptance with you, our ſtat is very deplorable, in our Incapaſity to ſubſiſt, as to Remoue away we can not, the enemy has ſo Incompaſed us, otherwiſe for want of help our catle being the moſt of them caried away by the barberouſs heathen, & to ſtay diſinabled for want of food, the Towns people are Genrally gon who felt the Judgm^t^ but light, & had theyr catle left them with theyr eſtats, but we many of us heare in this priſon, haue not bread to laſt us on mongth & our other proviſion ſpent & gon, for the genrallyty, our Town is drawn into two Gariſons wherein are by the Good favours of yo^r^ Hon^rs^ eighteen ſoulders, which we gladly mayntayn ſoe long as any thing laſts, & if yo^r^ Honors ſhould call them of, we are ſeartaynly a bayt for the enemy if God do not wonderfully prevent, therefore we hop as God has mad you fathers ouer us ſo you will haue a fathers pitty to us & extend your care ouer us who are yo^r^ poor deſtreſſed ſubjects. We are ſorrowful to Leaue the place, but hopleſſe to keep it unleſſe mayntayned by the Cuntrey, it troubles our ſperits to giue any Incuridgm^t^ to the enemy, or leaue any thing for them to promot their wicked deſigne, yet better ſaue our Liues then loſe Life & Eſtat both, we are in danger emenent, the enemy leying Aboue us, nay on both ſids of us, as dus playingly Apeare. our womens cris dus dayly Increaſe beand

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expreſion which dus not only fill our ears but our hearts ſull of Greefe, which makes us humbly Requeſt yo^{r} Hon^{rs} to ſend a Gard of men & that if you pleaſe ſo comand we may haue Carts About fourteen will Remoue the whool eight of which has been preſed long at Sudburry but nevr came for want of a ſmall gard of men, the whooll that is, all that are in the on Gariſon, Kept in Major Willards houſe, which is all from yo^{r} Hon^{rs} moſt humble ſervants & ſuplyants.

Lancaſt^{r} March 11th. 16$\frac{7}{78}$

JACOB FARRAR
JOHN HOUGHTON Sen^{r}
JOHN MOORE
JOHN WHITTCOMB
JOB WHITTCOMB
JONATHAN WHITTCOMB
JOHN HOUGHTON Jun^{r}
CYPRIAN STEEVENS

The other on Gariſon are in the like deſtreſſe & ſoe humbley deſire yo^{r} like pitty & ffatherly car, haueing widows & many ffather-leſſe chilldren. the Numb^{r} of Carts to Carey away this gariſon is twenty Carts.

Yo^{r} Hon^{rs} Humble Pettiſioners.

JOHN PRESCOTT Sen^{r}
THO. SAWYER Sen^{r}
THO SAWYER Jun^{r}
JONATHAN PRESCOTT
THO WILLDER
JOHN WILLDER
SARAH WHEELER wid
WIDOW FARBANKS
JOHN RIGBY
NATHANIELL WILDER
JOHN ROOPER
WIDOW ROOPER

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On March 26 troopers and carts ſent for the purpoſe by Major Simon Willard removed the people and their chattels to Concord, and the wolves and ſavages reſumed their ſovereignty along the Naſhua. The Lancaſter families in their baniſhment were ſcattered far and wide wherever they could find friendly ſhelter. By various local records of births and deaths among them between 1676 and 1680, when many of them returned to their dearly-bought lands in the valley, we know that the Preſcotts, Ruggs, Hudſons and ſome of the Sawyers were at Concord; the Wilders, Willards, Houghtons, Waters and Ropers, in Charleſtown; the Farrars, at Woburn; the Whitcombs, at Scituate; the Lewiſes, Bemans, Rogers, Sumners and Athertons, at Dorcheſter. The Rowlandſons removed from Boſton to Wethersfield, Connecticut, in the ſpring of 1677.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTIVITY

Page 1. "*February 10, 1675/6*" (February 20, 1676, New Style), fell upon Thurſday.

"*There were five perſons,*" etc. This was the family of John Ball, the tailor. His home was on the ſlope of the George Hill range, but cannot be exactly located.

Page 2. "*Three others belonging to the ſame Garriſon.*" This was the garriſon of Richard Wheeler, probably on the ſouthern ſlope of George Hill and certainly in South Lancaſter, not on Wataquadock as Joſeph Willard and Reverend A. P. Marvin ſuppoſed.

"*The Houſe ſtood upon the edge of a Hill.*" The min-

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iſter's dwelling was directly weſt of the northweſt corner of the Middle Cemetery and two or three rods down the ſlope from the preſent highway. The meeting-houſe ſtood upon the higheſt ground in the cemetery.

Page 3. "*My brother in law.*" Enſign John Divoll commanded the garriſon on the day of the maſſacre, Lieutenant Henry Kerley being abſent as before told. Divoll's wife was Hannah, Mrs. Rowlandſon's youngeſt ſiſter.

Page 3. "*My elder ſiſter's children.*" Elizabeth was the wife of Henry Kerley. Her children were: Henry, born 1657; William, 1659; Elizabeth, 1661 (?); Hannah, 1663; Mary, 1666; Joſeph, 1669; Martha, 1672.

Page 4. "*Of thirty-ſeven perſons,*" etc. The contemporary hiſtorian, William Hubbard, gives forty-two as the number in the Rowlandſon garriſon. Daniel Gookin ſays "about forty." Other contemporary accounts, the moſt noteworthy of which is "News from New England," London, 1676, give the total caſualties as fifty-five. Mrs. Rowlandſon may not have taken into account the ſoldiers from other places aſſigned to the garriſons who doubtleſs ſuffered loſs. According to Treaſurer Hull's accounts there were fourteen ſoldiers ſerving in the town on January 25.

The following is a liſt of victims known: —

Killed in Rowlandſon Garriſon

Enſign John Divoll
Joſiah Divoll, ſon of John, aged 7
Daniel Gains
Abraham Joſlin, aged 26

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John MacLoud
Thomas Rowlandſon, nephew of the miniſter, aged 19
Mrs Elizabeth Kerley, wife of Lieutenant Henry
William Kerley, ſon of Lieutenant Henry, aged 17
Joſeph Kerley, do. aged 7
Mrs Priſcilla Roper, wife of Ephraim.
Priſcilla Roper, child of Ephraim, aged 3.

11

Carried Captive from Rowlandſon Garriſon

Mrs Mary Rowlandſon, wife of the miniſter, ranſomed
Mary Rowlandſon, daughter of the miniſter, aged 10, ranſomed
Sarah Rowlandſon, do., aged 6, wounded and died Feb 18
Joſeph Rowlandſon, ſon of the miniſter, aged 13, ranſomed
Mrs Hannah Divoll, wife of Enſign John, ranſomed
John Divoll, ſon of Enſign John, aged 12, died captive?
William Divoll, do., aged 4, ranſomed
Hannah Divoll, daughter of do., aged 9, died captive?
Mrs Ann Joſlin, wife of Abraham, killed in captivity
Beatrice Joſlin, daughter of Abraham, do
Joſeph Joſlin, brother of Abraham, aged 16.
Henry Kerley, ſon of Lieutenant Henry, aged 18
Elizabeth Kerley, daughter of do., aged 15?
Hannah Kerley, do., aged 13
Mary Kerley, do., aged 10
Martha Kerley, do., aged 4
Mrs Elizabeth Kettle, wife of John, ranſomed
Sarah Kettle, daughter of John, aged 15, eſcaped
Jonathan Kettle, ſon of John, aged 5
A child Kettle, daughter of John 20,
Ephraim Roper alone eſcaped during the aſſault 1

32

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Reverend Timothy Harrington in his "Century Sermon," 1753, includes John Kettle and two ſons among the ſlain, and this has been ſo generally accepted as hiſtorical that an inſcription on a memorial erected by the town of Stow in 1883 endorſes it. It is now quite certainly aſcertained that Mr. Harrington was miſinformed, and that the three Kettles in ſome way eſcaped and were living ſeveral years later. If there were thirty-ſeven in the houſe, five remain unaccounted for; if forty-two, ten. Joſeph Willard found ſome reaſon for aſſerting that five ſoldiers were killed here.

Killed outſide of Rowlandſon Garriſon, being all of South Lancaſter

John Ball
Mrs. Elizabeth Ball, wife of John
An infant child of John Ball
Jonas Fairbank
Joſhua Fairbank, ſon of Jonas, aged 15
Ephraim Sawyer, aged 26, killed at Preſcott's garriſon
Henry Farrar
Richard Wheeler
A man mentioned by Mrs. Rowlandſon, but not named 9

Captives

Two of John Ball's family, names unknown. 2

11

If the total caſualties numbered fifty-five, twelve are miſſing; and theſe liſts give but twenty-two of the twenty-four captives. A ſoldier from Watertown was killed near Preſcott's mill a few days later, and John Roper was ſlain on the day the town was finally abandoned.

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THE FIRST REMOVE. Thurſday night, February 10, 1675/6.

Page 6. "*Upon a hill within ſight of the town.*" This camp was upon George Hill, the higheſt elevation in Lancaſter, ſo named by the firſt planters probably becauſe George Adams as early as 1645 had his home lot of twenty acres upon it adjoining the ſite of Symonds' and King's trucking houſe. Upon the ſummit is a huge granite boulder, rent in twain and half buried, which time-hallowed tradition has honored as the reſting place of the captive the night after the ſack of the town. The "vacant houſe" was that originally occupied by John Preſcott, built on the trucking-houſe ſite. Its location is now covered by the Maplehurſt ſtables. Many curious ſtatements concerning Mrs. Rowlandſon's Removes have been printed by local hiſtorians, and continue to miſlead readers. Some of theſe go to prove that their authors never ſaw any of the numerous editions of the Narrative. Thus Rufus C. Torrey in his "Hiſtory of the Town of Fitchburg," 1836, ſays: "From her account it appears that ſhe ſpent the firſt night of her captivity on a ſmall iſland in a river. This is ſuppoſed to be in Leominſter. . . . The ſecond night ſhe paſſed upon a high hill. . . . There is good foundation for the conjecture that ſhe paſſed the ſecond night on Rollſtone hill." Later annaliſts of like latitude have repeated this falſification, and one has even ingeniouſly improved upon it by claiming that Rollſtone is a corruption of the original name Rowlandſon, and commemorates the night's encampment.

Page 7. "*Thoſe ſeven that were killed,*" etc. Theſe

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Rowlandſon Rock, ſummit of George Hill, looking Eaſt upon Lancaſter.

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victims of Auguſt 22, 1675, were: George Bennett, Jacob Farrar, Jr., Joſeph Wheeler, William Flagg, and Mordecai McLoud with his wife Lydia (Lewis) and two young children. Flagg was a ſoldier belonging to Watertown. The leader of the bloodthirſty horde guilty of theſe murders was Monoco, *alias* Apequinaſh, *alias* One-eyed John, a Naſhaway, one of the moſt cunning and mercileſs of the Indian chieftains known to New England hiſtory. He was the prominent figure in the tragedies at Brookfield, Medfield, and Groton, and made the boaſt that he would carry devaſtation town by town to the Bay. He finally ſurrendered at Cocheco, perhaps under ſome unofficial promiſe of quarter, and was hung at the town's end, Boſton, September 26, 1676. It is uſeleſs to conjecture what purpoſe the ſavages had in deceiving Mrs. Rowlandſon with the falſe ſtatement that Monoco's band was compoſed of Chriſtian Indians. Daniel Gookin has recorded the fact that he was accompanied by twenty of Philip's warriors, Wampanoags. The "praying Indians" arreſted by the brutal Captain Moſeley under ſuſpicion and taken to Boſton for trial, although the popular feeling againſt them was intenſely arouſed, were eaſily able to prove an alibi.

Second Remove. Friday, February 11. The ſecond night's encampment was upon the Indian trail, and probably in the weſtern part of Princeton. This trail ran a little ſouth of Wachuſett to the Indian villages on the Menameſet (now Ware) River, where it branched to the north and ſouth towards the tribal headquarters of the Pocumtucks and the Quabaugs.

Third Remove. Saturday, February 12, to Sunday,

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February 27. "*Wenimeſſet.*" Menameſet, or Meminimiſſet, was a ſwamp ſtronghold of the Quabaugs in the extreme northern angle of the town of New Braintree.

Page 9. "*Robert Pepper.*" Captain Richard Beers of Watertown and thirty-ſix men, while on their way to reenforce the Northfield garriſon, were waylaid by a party of over a hundred warriors led by Sagamore Sam, September 3, 1675, two miles ſouth of their deſtination, when the leader and nineteen ſoldiers were ſlain. Pepper was captured; the reſt eſcaped. This captive's ſtatement reſpecting Philip is very important, and ſeems to have been overlooked by many hiſtorians. It muſt be accepted when aſſociated with other contemporary records as a complete confutation of the tradition that Philip led the aſſault upon Lancaſter. William Hubbard gives no authority for this tradition, and the report of the Indian ſcout, Quanapaug, January 24, 1675/6, tells us that Philip and his forces were in winter quarters "half a day's journey north of Fort Albany." A letter to London dated February 8, 1675/6, ſtates the ſame fact, and Samuel G. Drake locates his encampment at "Scattacook, about twenty miles north of Albany." In "Documents relative to the Colonial Hiſtory of New York," III. 255, and in "Connecticut Colonial Records," II. 397 and 406, the correſpondence of Sir Edmund Andros, Governor of New York, confirms theſe accounts and relates the ſtory of Philip's unſucceſsful fight with the Mohawks early in February. The perſiſtent myth preſuming his preſence in the attacks upon Lancaſter and other towns perhaps had its origin in the unhiſtoric relation of Reverend Timothy Harrington in his "Cen-

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tury Sermon," 1753: " . . . But Philip with the reſt confeſſed by themſelves after the peace to be 1500, marched for Lancaſter in which there were then about fifty families. And on the 10th of February 1676, aſſaulted in five diſtinct bodies and places." The Lancaſter hiſtorians, Joſeph Willard, Iſaac Goodwin, and Reverend Abijah P. Marvin accepted this ſtory without queſtion. Reverend Peter Whitney, John W. Barber, John Langdon Sibley, and more recently even John Fiſke (" Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," II. 60) have perpetuated the error. Philip could not have been within one hundred miles of Lancaſter on the day of the aſſault. Muttaump *alias* Maliompe, ſachem of the Quabaugs, was the ſenior chieftain preſent, and Sagamore Sam *alias* Shoſhanim and Monoco *alias* One-eyed John of the Naſhaways, Matoonas of the Nipmucks, and Quanopin of the Narraganſets, were his lieutenants. They led in all about four hundred warriors. Samuel Sewall, in his " Diary," I. 22, ſays Maliompe was the " General at Lancaſter."

Page 12. "*There I left that child.*" Deſpite this circumſtantial account of the burial of her child, Sarah, upon the hill at Menameſet, a recent adventurer in hiſtoric diſquiſition has printed the following: " The murder of Mrs. Rowlandſon's daughter Grace by the Indians is ſaid to have given her name to Mount Grace in Warwick." A ſimilar miſſtatement is to be found in the " New England Hand Book."

Page 13. "*Medfield.*" This town, leſs than twenty miles from Boſton, was attacked February 21, when fifty houſes were burned and eighteen perſons ſlain.

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THE FOURTH REMOVE. Monday, February 28, to Friday, March 3. This camp was probably within the limits of Peterſham, about half-way between the Ware and Miller's rivers, and near the Indian village of Nichewaug.

THE FIFTH REMOVE. Friday, March 3, to March 5. The croſſing over the Baquag, or Miller's, river was in Orange, near the Athol line. The "Engliſh army" in purſuit was a troop of mounted men and three infantry companies from the Bay towns, with a ſimilar force from Connecticut, all under command of Major Thomas Savage. They reached Quabaug March 2, and, had they not been detained by Indian wiles, the cavalry ſhould have overtaken the retreating mob of ſavages before they effected their croſſing of the ſwollen ſtream.

THE SIXTH REMOVE. Monday, March 6. This night's bivouac was beſide the great Northfield Swamp on the trail between Nichewaug and Squakeag.

THE SEVENTH REMOVE. Tueſday, March 7. This night's camp was at Squakeag near Beers' Plain in Northfield.

THE EIGHTH REMOVE. Wedneſday, March 8. This encampment, on the weſt ſide of the Connecticut river, was at Coaſſet in South Vernon, Vermont. Here Mrs. Rowlandſon, evidently for the firſt time, met Philip, who had recently reached the valley returning from his winter quarters on the Hudſon, whither he went with, as Governor Andros eſtimated, about a thouſand warriors, for the purpoſe of buying powder and ſhot of the Dutch, and in the hope of enticing the Mohawks or Canadian Indians into an alliance againſt the Maſſachuſetts Coloniſts. At Coaſſet

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there congregated all the hoſtile tribes, an aſſemblage numbering perhaps two thouſand fighting men.

Page 26. "*Northampton.*" The aſſault here mentioned was on March 14, and the town having been recently paliſaded the enemy was repulſed, ſix of the inhabitants being ſlain and three or four houſes burned.

THE NINTH REMOVE. March —. This encampment was in the Aſhuelot Valley, New Hampſhire.

Page 27. "*Naananto.*" The King of the Narraganſets, better known as Canonchet the ſon of Miantonimo, was not captured until April 2. He was feared by the Engliſh hardly leſs than Philip; and with better reaſon, for he was the brains of the ſavage confederation, the influence and proweſs of Philip being much overeſtimated in hiſtory. Canonchet with a party of about ſeventy-five, including thirty warriors, viſited the Narraganſet country to ſecure a ſtore of ſeed corn from ſecret granaries near Seekonk belonging to his people. The corn was obtained and ſome of it reached the Squakeag encampment, but Canonchet with a ſmall eſcort was ſurpriſed and captured by a ſcouting party of Mohegans, Pequots, and Engliſh under Oneko and Captain George Deniſon. Canonchet was ſhot the next day at Stonington, and from that time the alliance of the hoſtile tribes began to loſe coherence.

THE TENTH REMOVE. March — to April —. Camps in the Aſhuelot Valley.

THE ELEVENTH REMOVE. April —. This remove took the captive to the northernmoſt point reached by her. The encampment was near the Connecticut River in Cheſterfield, New Hampſhire, or perhaps in Weſtmoreland. Mrs.

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Rowlandſon's words give no warrant for the claim of certain local hiſtorians that ſhe was taken as far north as Charleſton, which is about forty miles above Coaſſet, now South Vernon. A "day's journey" for an Indian band including women and children, travelling ſingle file through the wilderneſs with all their belongings, was rarely much over ten miles, as their itinerary proves.

THE TWELFTH REMOVE. Sunday, April 9. This camp was in the ſame neighborhood as the laſt.

THE THIRTEENTH REMOVE. April —. This fortnight's encampment was probably in the ſouth part of Hinſdale, New Hampſhire, near the river.

Page 35. "*Came yelping from Hadley.*" This was the return of a ſcouting party which killed three careleſs citizens at Hockanum, and captured Read, who eſcaped May 15. John Gilbert was a youth of ſeventeen years captured about March 1.

THE FOURTEENTH REMOVE. April —. This move was probably about April 20. When the news of Canonchet's death reached the Indians they became thoroughly diſheartened. They were without ammunition, decimated by diſeaſe, and threatened with ſtarvation. The weſtern Indians put no truſt in Philip's capacity or courage, revolted from his command, and even threatened to ſend his head to Boſton. The Naſhaways and Quabaugs left for Wachuſett about April 10, and Philip and Quanopin went with them. Their ſquaws and children remained awhile in the neighborhood of the Connecticut, living precarioufly upon wild roots and game.

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THE FIFTEENTH REMOVE. April —. Camp on Miller's River at the croſſing in Orange near the Athol line.

THE SIXTEENTH REMOVE. April —. Camp about one mile ſouth of Miller's river near the Orange and Athol line.

THE SEVENTEENTH REMOVE. April —. Camp probably at the Indian village of Nichewaug in Peterſham.

THE EIGHTEENTH REMOVE. April —. Camp at an Indian village near Menameſet, probably on Barre Plains.

THE NINETEENTH REMOVE. April —. Camp on the weſtern ſide of Wachuſett, probably in Princeton.

Page 47. "*My maſter had three ſquaws.*" Quanopin or Quinnapin, Mrs. Rowlandſon's purchaſer, was a Narraganſet and the grandnephew of Canonicus. His oldeſt ſquaw was Onux; his ſecond, whom Mrs. Rowlandſon ſerved as maid, was Weetamoo, *alias* Namumpum, Queen of Pocaſſet and ſiſter-in-law of Philip; being the ſiſter of his wife and alſo the widow of his brother Alexander, *alias* Wamſutta. Quanopin was her third huſband. She was drowned in attempting to ſwim acroſs the river or arm of the ſea at Mattapoiſett to eſcape capture. Quanopin was captured, tried at Newport, and ſhot Auguſt 25, 1676.

Page 48. "*Then came Tom and Peter.*" Tom Dublet, *alias* Nepanet, and Peter Conway, *alias* Tatatiquinea, were Chriſtian Indians of Naſhobah, who, upon repeated petitions from Mr. Rowlandſon and other clergymen to the council, were perſuaded to ſerve as meſſengers to the hoſtile ſachems, ſeeking the terms upon which they would releaſe the captives. Dublet's firſt viſit to them, which he made alone, was on April 3, when he bore the following letter, which is found copied in Maſſachuſetts Records: —

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For the Indian Sagamores & people that are in warre againſt us. Intelligence is come to us that you have ſome Engliſh, eſpecially women and children in Captivity among you. We have therefore ſent the meſſenger offering to redeem them either for payment in goods or wampum or by exchange of priſoners. We deſire your anſwer by this our meſſenger what price you demand for every man woman and child, or if you will exchange for Indians. If you have any among you that can write your anſwer to this our meſſage, we deſire it in writing; and to that end have ſent, paper pen and incke by the meſſenger. If you lett our meſſenger have free acceſſe to you, freedome of a ſafe returne, we are willing to doe the like by any meſſenger of yours, provided he come unarmed, and carry a white flag upon a ſtaffe, viſible to be ſeene, which we take as a flag of truce, and is uſed by civilized nations in time of warre, when any meſſengers are ſent in a way of treaty, which we have done by our meſſenger. In teſtimony whereof I have ſet my hand & ſeal.

JOHN LEVERETT *Gov^r*

Boſton 31 March 1676. Paſſed by the Council

EDWARD RAWSON *Secy*

To this he brought back on April 12 this reply: —

We now giue anſwer by this one man, but if you like my anſwer ſend one more man beſides this one Tom Nepanet, and ſend with all true heart and with all your mind by two men, becauſe you know and we know your heart great ſorrowful with crying for your loſt many many hundred men and all your houſe and all your land, and woman, child and cattle, as all your thing that you have loſt and on your backſide ſtand.

SAM *Sachem*
KUTQUEN and QUANOHIT *Sagamore*
PETER JETHRO *Scribe*

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Mr Rowlandſon, your wife and all your child is well but one dye, your ſiſter is well and her 3 child. John Kettel your wife and all your child is all well, and all them priſoners taken at Naſhua is all well.

Mr. Rolandſon ſe your louing Siſter his hand C Hanah

And old Kettel wif his hand T

Brother Rowlandſon, pray ſend thre pounds of Tobacco for me if you can, my louing huſband pray ſend thre pound of tobacco for me.

This writing by your enemies

SAMUEL USKATTUHGUN and
GUNRASHIT. *two Indian Sagamores*

This letter is printed in S. G. Drake's "Biography and Hiſtory of the Indians of North America." The original has not been diſcovered.

On his ſecond viſit Dublet was accompanied by Peter, bearing a letter from the Council, of which no copy is known to be extant. They brought back on April 27 a reply from the chiefs, written by James Printer, an Indian who had ſerved ſixteen years' apprenticeſhip in Samuel Green's printing office at Cambridge. The original is in the "Hutchinſon Papers, II. 282.

For the Governor and the Council at Boſton

The Indians, Tom Nepennomp and Peter Tatatiqunea hath brought us letter from you about the Engliſh Captives, eſpecially for Mrs Rolanſon; the anſwer is I am ſorrow that I haue don much wrong to you and yet I ſay the falte is lay upon you, for when we began quarel at firſt with Plimouth men I did not think that you ſhould haue ſo much truble as now is: therefore I am willing to hear your deſire about the Captives. Therefore we deſire you to ſent Mr Rolanſon and goodman Kettel: (for their wives) and theſe

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Indians Tom and Peter to redeem their wives, they ſhall come and goe very ſafely: Whereupon we aſk Mrs Rolanſon, how much your huſband willing to giue for you ſhe gaue an anſwer 20 pound in goodes but John Kittels wife could not till. and the reſt captives may be ſpoken of hereafter.

In Maſſachuſetts Archives, XXX. 201, is the Council's reſponſe: —

To the Indian Sachems about Wachuſets.

We receiued your letter by Tom and Peter, which doth not anſwer ours to you: neither is ſubſcribed by the ſachems nor hath it any date, which we know your ſcribe James Printer doth well underſtand ſhould be. wee haue ſent the s^d^ Tom & Peter againe to you expecting you will ſpeedily by them giue us a plaine & direct anſwer to our laſt letter, and if you haue anything more to propound to us wee deſire to haue it from you under your hands, by theſe our meſſengers, and you ſhall haue a ſpeedy anſwer. Dated the 28^th^, April, 1676.

Mr. Hoar accompanied Dublet upon this his third journey to Wachuſett, carrying the ranſom for Mrs. Rowlandſon in money and goods raiſed by ſeveral Boſton gentlemen, and happily effected her releaſe. On Monday, May 7 Dublet with Seth Perry was again ſent to the ſachems by the Council with this letter, which is found copied in Maſſachuſetts Records. The miſſive of the Indians to which it is a reply has not been diſcovered.

Theſe for the saggamores about Watchuſets, Phillip, John, Sam, Waſhaken, Old Queen & Pomhom.

Wee received your letter by John Hoare, who went vp to yow w^th^ the meſſengers, Tom & Peeter, being ſent to yow from M^r^ Roulandſon. Our expectations was, that yow would lett vs know vpon

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what condition yow would releaſe to vs all the Engliſh captiues among yow. Our minde is not to make bargaine w^th^ yow for one & one, but for altogether. Vnto this, which was our cheife buſines, yow ſend vs no anſwer, which we doe not take kindly, for this way ſpends much time. In your letter to vs you ſay yow deſire not to be hindred by our men in your planting, ꝓmiſing not to doe damage to our tounes. This is a great matter, and therefore cannot be ended by letters, without ſpeaking one w^th^ another; we haue therefore ſent to yow once more, to lett yow know our minds w^th^ all ſpeed. If yow will ſend vs home all the Engliſh priſoners, it will be a great teſtimony of a true heart in yow to peace, which yow ſay yow are willing to haue; and then, if any of your ſachems and Councellors will come to vs at Boſton, or els to Concord or Sudbury, to meet with ſuch cheife men as wee ſhall ſend, wee will ſpeak w^th^ yow about your deſires, and with true heart deale w^th^ yow. This way is the beſt way; therefore ſend ſpeedily to vs, whither yow will accept it or no. If yow vnderſtand not our full minde, Seth Perry, whom we now ſend w^th^ this letter, will declare it more plainely. And wee doe hereby grant & promiſe, that all ſuch as yow ſhall imploy in a treaty w^th^ vs ſhall be ſafe & free to come & goe, on condition that our meſſengers alſo ſhallbe ſafe w^th^ yow

May the 5^th^, 1676. By the Court EDWARD RAWSON, *Secret*

A verbal meſſage ſeems to have been returned appointing a meeting, and Jonathan Preſcott was ſent the following Thurſday, with a letter of elaborate inſtructions for his own conduct, and the following, copied in Maſſachuſetts Records: —

To the Indian ſachems. Yow know we ſent our meſſengers according to your deſire, and wee very true heart, but yow no giue vs anſwer in writing, by our meſſengers, as yow promiſe; wee now ſend theſe our men, Peeter Gardiner & Jonathan Preſcott, to know your minde, whether yow willing lett vs haue our weomen &

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children yow haue captives; and if yow haue any propoſall to make to vs, wee willing to heare yow; and if yow come yourſelues, wee ſend ſome of our ſachems to treat yow at Concord, or ſome other place where beſt, and yow haue ſafe conduct; for wee very true heart, and yow tell your people ſo.

By the Court EDW: RAWSON *Secret.*

The propoſed meeting was held between Groton and Concord, and then or ſoon after ſeveral captives were ranſomed, or releaſed unconditionally. June 7, under guidance of Tom Dublet, Captain Daniel Henchman ſurpriſed a party of Indians fiſhing in the Waſhacum ponds. They were chiefly women and children. Seven were killed and twenty-nine were captured. Among the latter were the wives and children of Sagamore Sam and Muttaump. Theſe priſoners with others were ultimately ſent to the Weſt Indies and ſold as ſlaves. This humbling blow and the increaſing difficulty of obtaining ſubſiſtence turned the boaſting of the proud ſachems to a deſpairing deſire for peace, which found utterance in the following letters, printed in a London pamphlet entitled, "A true account of the moſt conſiderable occurences that have happened in the Warre between the Engliſh and the Indians in New-England": —

To all Engliſhmen and Indians, all of you hear Mr Waban Mr Eliott.

July 6 1676. Mr John Leverett, my Lord, Mr Waban, and all the cheif men our Brethren Praying to God: We beſeech you all to help us: my wife ſhe is but one, but there be more Priſoners, which wee pray you keep well: Mattamuck his wife we entreat you for her, and not onely that man, but it is the Requeſt of two Sachems, Sam Sachem of Weſhakum, and the Pakaſhoag Sachem.

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And that further you will conſider about the making Peace: We haue ſpoken to the people of Naſhobah (viz Tom Dublet and Peter) that we would agree with you and make covenant of Peace with you. We haue been deſtroyed by your ſouldiers, but ſtill we Remember it now to ſit ſtill: do you conſider it again: we do earneſtly entreat you, that it may be ſo by Jeſus Chriſt. O let it be ſo: Amen Amen.

MATTAMUCK his Mark N
SAM SACHEM his Mark X
SIMON POTTOQUAM *Scribe*
UPPANIPPAQUUM his C
PAKASHOKAG his Mark &

My Lord Mr Leveret at Boſton, Mr Waban, Mr Eliott, Mr. Gookin, and Council, hear yea. I went to Connecticot about the Captives, that I might bring them into your hands, and when we were almoſt there the Engliſh had deſtroyed thoſe Indians. When I heard it I returned back again: then when I came home, we were alſo deſtroyed: After we were deſtroyed then Philip and Quanipun went away into their own Countrey againe: and I knew they were much afraid, becauſe of our offer to joyn with the Engliſh, and therefore they went back into their own Countrey, and I know they will make no warre: therefore becauſe when ſome Engliſh men came to us Philip and Quanipun ſent to kill them: but I ſaid if any kill them, Ill kill them.

SAM SACHEM

Written by SIMON BOSHOKUM *Scribe*

The ſole reward by which the Maſſachuſetts colony recognized the ſervices rendered by the brave copper-colored Chriſtian, Thomas Dublet, was "two coats," voted him, upon petition, by the council eight years later.

Page 50. "*Sudbury Fight.*" This was on April 18, when Captains Samuel Wadſworth of Milton and Samuel

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Brocklebank of Rowley, with thirty or more of their men, were ſlain, having been drawn into an ambuſh.

THE TWENTIETH REMOVE. Friday, April 28, to May 2. This encampment was upon the weſtern baſe of the mountain very near the ſouthern end of Wachuſett Lake. Tradition has located the final conference of John Hoar and the ſachems at an iſolated granite ledge near the Weſtminſter line in Princeton, which is now known as Redemption Rock. This was bought in 1879 by the Honorable George Friſbie Hoar, and on its perpendicular face he has had the following legend inſcribed: —

UPON THIS ROCK MAY 2ND 1676
WAS MADE THE AGREEMENT FOR THE RANSOM
OF MRS MARY ROWLANDSON OF LANCASTER
BETWEEN THE INDIANS AND JOHN HOAR OF CONCORD
KING PHILIP WAS WITH THE INDIANS BUT
REFUSED HIS CONSENT

Page 54. "*Her Maſter was hanged.*" Mrs. Divoll's captor was Sagamore Sam, chief of the Naſhaways, hanged at town's end, Boſton, Tueſday, September 26, 1676.

Page 55. "*Mr. Hoar.*" Mr. Rowlandſon beſought John Hoar of Concord to aid him in ranſoming his wife, knowing him to be held in great reſpect by the Indians becauſe of his many friendly ſervices to them. The recovery of the captive was due more to his brave interceſſion than to the colonial power or Governor Leverett's diplomacy.

Page 56. "*Matchit Indians.*" That is, bad Indians.

Page 65. "*We went on to a farmhouſe,*" etc. This dwelling was probably upon the Wataquadock range, on

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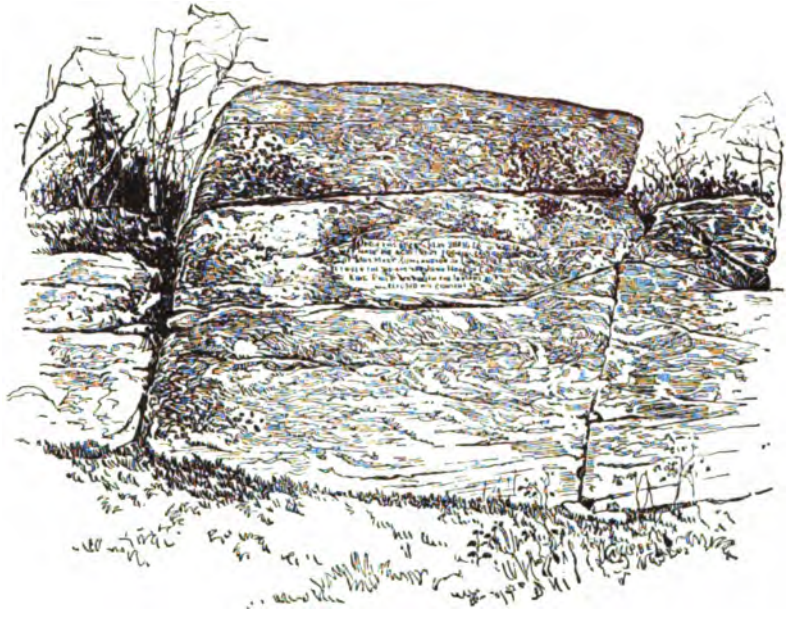

Redemption Rock, Princeton.

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the trail to Marlborough, where Enſign John Moore and one or two others had their homes. The poſitive ſtatement that "not one houſe was left ſtanding" in Lancaſter is proof enough that even the meeting-houſe had been deſtroyed, contradicting the hiſtorians Joſeph Willard and Reverend A. P. Marvin, who allege that it was ſpared. This fact is moreover confirmed by a petition of the townſmen in 1706 relative to building a meeting-houſe, wherein it is ſtated that they had "loſt two already burned by the enemy." Maſſachuſetts Archives, XI. 208.

"*Brother and brother-in-law.*" Joſiah White and Lieutenant Henry Kerley.

Page 66. "*Mr. Uſher.*" Hezekiah Uſher, a prominent and wealthy merchant and one of the ſelectmen, living on what is now State Street, Boſton.

Page 67. "*Major Waldren.*" Richard Waldron of Dover, New Hampſhire, its moſt diſtinguiſhed citizen.

Page 68. "*My ſiſter's ſon.*" Mrs. Hannah Divoll's. In Reverend Thomas Cobbet's "Narrative of New England Deliverances," which is among the Mather Manuſcripts in the Prince Library, number 76, he writes: —

> . . . May the 12th Goodwife Diuens [*Divoll*] and Goodwife Ketle vpon ranſom paid, came in to Concord, and vpon like ranſom preſently after John Moſs of Groton and Lieftenant Carlers [*Kerley's*] daughter were ſet at liberty, and nine more without ranſom . . .
>
> . . . Mr Rowlinſons daughter was brought to Seaconke by a captiue ſqua, that got away from the Indians, and got home after Mr Rowlinſons ſon and his ſiſter Diuens [*Divoll's*] daughter, vpon theyr ranſoms paid, were brought to Major Waldrens. And about

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July 11th Goodwife Ketles elder daughter, about 17 y old, got away from the Indians to Marlborough bringing her little ſiſter vpon her back almoſt ſtarued . . .

Page 69. "*Mr. Newman*" was Reverend Noah Newman of Rehoboth.

Page 71. "*James Whitcomb*" was a wealthy citizen of Boſton, whoſe manſion and garden were at the corner of Beacon and Tremont Streets, where the Tremont Building now ſtands.

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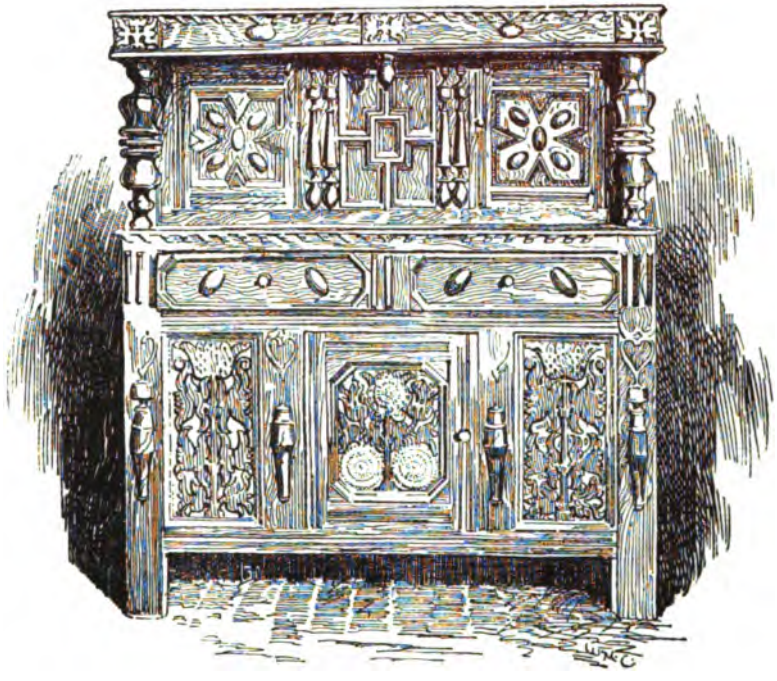

The Mary Rowlandſon Locker.

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Bibliography

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A TRUE

HISTORY

OF THE

Captivity & Restoration

OF

Mrs. *MARY ROWLANDSON*,

A Minister's Wife in *New-England*.

Wherein is set forth, The Cruel and Inhumane Usage she underwent amongst the *Heathens*, for Eleven Weeks time: And her Deliverance from them.

Written by her own Hand, for her Private Use: And now made Publick at the earnest Desire of some Friends, for the Benefit of the Afflicted.

Whereunto is annexed,

A Sermon of *the Possibility of God's Forsaking a People that have been near and dear to him:*

Preached by Mr. *Joseph Rowlandson*, Husband to the said Mrs. *Rowlandson*: It being his Last Sermon.

Printed first at *New-England*, And Re-printed at *London*, and sold by *Joseph Poole*, at the *Blue Bowl* in the *Long-Walk*, by *Christs-Church* Hospital. 1682.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE following is a catalogue of all editions of the Mary Rowlandſon Narrative known. Of thoſe ſtarred, copies are in the Lancaſter Public Library: 1682. No copy of the firſt edition, printed by Samuel Green at Cambridge in 1682, is known to exiſt.

1682. The | *Soveraignty & Goodneſs* | of | GOD, | Together, | With the Faithfulneſs of His Promiſes | Diſplayed; | Being a | NARRATIVE | Of the *Captivity* and *Reſtauration* of | *Mrs. Mary Rowlandſon.* | Commended by her, to all that deſires to | know the Lords doings to, and | dealings with her. | *Eſpecially to her dear Children and Relations.* | The ſecond Addition Corrected and amended. | . . . Cambridge. | Printed by *Samuel Green*, 1682. 3¾ by 5½ in. pp. (6) 73.

A copy once owned by Reverend John Cotton is in the Prince Library, Boſton, and a copy of the Rowlandſon Sermon is bound with it.

1682. A True | HISTORY | of the | Captivity & Reſtoration | of | Mrs. *Mary Rowlandſon*, | A Miniſter's wife in *New-England.* | Wherein is ſet forth, The Cruel and Inhumane | Uſage ſhe underwent amongſt the *Heathens*, for | Eleven Weeks time: And her Deliverance from | them. | *Written by her own Hand for her Private Uſe: And now made* | *Publick at the earneſt Deſire of ſome Friends, for the Benefit* | *of the Afflicted.* | Whereunto is annexed, | A Sermon of *the Poſſibility of God's Forſaking a Peo-* | *ple that have been near and dear to him:* | Preached by Mr. *Joſeph Rowlandſon*, Huſband to the ſaid *Mrs. Rowlandſon.* | It being his Laſt Sermon. | Printed firſt at *New-England:* And Re-printed at *London*, and ſold | by *Joſeph Poole*, at the *Blue Bowl* in the *Long-Walk*, by *Chriſts-* | *Church* Hoſpital 1682. 6 by 8 in. pp. (6) 46.

Copies of this London edition of 1682 are in the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, Rhode Iſland, the Lenox Library, New York, and the

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library of Mr. Edward E. Ayer, Chicago. A copy at the Brinley Sale in 1879 brought $11.50. Charles Deane's copy sold in Boston, 1898, for $80.

1720. The | Soveraignty and Goodness of | God, | Together with the Faithfulness of His | Promises Displayed: | Being a | Narrative | Of the Captivity and Restauration of | Mrs. *Mary Rowlandson*. | Commended by her, to all that desire to | know the Lords Doings to, & Dealings | with her; Especially to her dear Chil- | dren and Relations. | Written by her own Hand, for her Private Use, | and now made Publick at the earnest Desire of | some Friends, and for the Benefit of the Afflicted. | The Second Edition | Carefully Corrected, and Purged from abundance | of Errors which escaped in the former Impression. | Boston: Printed by T. Fleet, for Samuel | Phillips, at the *Three Bibles* and *Crown* in *King-* | *Street*, 1720. pp. 80.

A copy of this edition is in the British Museum, and another, according to Sabin, in the Library of Congress, Washington. The latter evaded search in 1901.

*1770. A | NARRATIVE | of the | CAPTIVITY, | Sufferings and Removes | of | Mrs. *Mary Rowlandson*, | who was taken Prisoner by the INDIANS | with several others; and treated in the | most Barbarous and Cruel manner by | those vile Savages: With many other | remarkable Events during her Travels. | Written by her own Hand, for her pri- | vate Use, and now made Public at the | earnest Desire of some Friends and for | the benefit of the Afflicted. | Boston: | Printed and Sold by *Nathaniel Coverly* | in *Black-Horse-Lane*, North-End. | MDCCLXX. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 60.

A woodcut of a woman with musket on reverse of title, and one representing a house on fire on the last page. A copy brought $20 in Boston A.D. 1900.

1771. *Same title.* Boston: | Printed and Sold by N. COVERLY, | near *Liberty-Tree* M,DCCLXXI. | *Price Six Shillings.* | pp. (3) 58. 4½ by 7 in. Woodcuts on pages 4 and 42.

A copy is in possession of Mr. Edward E. Ayer, Chicago.

*1773. *Same title.* Boston: Printed and Sold at John Boyle's Printing-Office, next Door to the *Three Doves* in Marlborough-Street, 1773. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 40.

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THE

Soveraignty and Goodneſs of GOD,

Together with the Faithfulneſs of His Promiſes Diſplayed:

BEING A

NARRATIVE

Of the Captivity and Reſtauration of

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Commended by her, to all that deſire to know the Lords Doings to, & Dealings with her; eſpecially to her dear Children and Relations.

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Carefully Corrected, and Purged from abundance of Errors which eſcaped in the former Impreſſion.

BOSTON: Printed by *T. Fleet*, for *Samuel Phillips*, at the *Three Bibles* and *Crown* in *King-Street*, 1720.

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A ſmall coarſe woodcut upon title page repreſents a woman coming out of a burning houſe with a gun preſented towards four Indians advancing with uplifted weapons. A copy at the Brinley Sale, 1879, brought $4.25; one at Manſon Sale, 1899, brought $22.

1774. *Same title.* Printed at New London by Timo. Green, 1774. ſmall 8°. pp. 48. A copy ſold at Brinley Sale for $5.

1791. *Same Title.* Re-printed and ſold by Thomas and John Fleet, at the *Bible* and *Heart*, Cornhill, Boſton, 1791. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 40.

A copy in Boſton Athenæum. This is a reprint of the 1773 edition.

*1792. *Same title.* Haverhill, New Hampſhire: Printed and Sold by Nathaniel Coverly and Son, near the Court-Houſe. (Price One Shilling.) Great allowance by the groſs or dozen. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 64, no date.

1792. *Same title.* Amherſt, [New Hampſhire]: Printed and ſold, by Nathaniel Coverly and Son, near the Court-Houſe. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 64.

This, like the Haverhill edition, is a reprint of the 1770 impreſſion. A copy ſold at the Brinley Sale for $3. The Harvard Univerſity Library has a copy.

*1794. *Same title.* Printed and ſold by S. Hall, in Cornhill, Boſton. MDCCXCIV. 4 by 7 in. pp. 57.

1794. *Same title.* [Leominſter.] Printed for Chapman Whitcomb, [of Lancaſter] n. d. 3½ by 5½ in. pp. 56.

A copy is in the American Antiquarian Society's Library, Worceſter.

*1800. *Same title.* Boſton. Re-printed and Sold by John and Thomas Fleet, at the *Bible* and *Heart*, Cornhill, 1800. 4½ by 7¼ in. pp. 36.

This has the woodcut of the 1773 edition.

1805. *Same title.* Boſton: Printed and Sold by Thomas Fleet, 1805. 3½ by 6 in. pp. 36.

The American Antiquarian Society and the Harvard Univerſity Libraries have copies.

*1811. The | Captivity and Deliverance | of | Mrs. Mary Rowlandſon, of Lancaſter, | who was taken by the French and Indians. | Written by herſelf. | Brookfield, Printed by Hori Brown. From the preſs of E. Merriam & Co. September, 1811. 4 by 6¼ in. pp. 80.

Appended to "The Captivity and Deliverance of Mr John Williams."

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1812. The Narrative and Rowlandſon Sermon were reprinted, following the London edition of 1682, in Somers' Tracts VIII, pp. 554–590. London, 1812.

*1828. Narrative | of | the Captivity and Removes | of | Mrs. Mary Rowlandſon, | who was taken by the Indians at the deſtruction of Lancaſter, in 1676. | Written by herſelf. | Fifth Edition. | Lancaſter: Publiſhed by Carter, Andrews, and Co. 1828. 3½ by 5¾ in. pp. (XII) 81.

*1828. *Same title, ſame preſs.* Sixth Edition. Second Lancaſter Edition; with an appendix containing the "ſcandelous lybell" by Joſeph Rowlandſon. 3½ by 5¾ in. pp. 100.

The two Lancaſter editions were edited by Joſeph Willard, Eſq.

*1831. The Narrative ſomewhat condenſed was reprinted in Farmer and Moore's Collections, pp. 105–115 and 137–149. Concord, N. H., 1831.

*1839–1854. Samuel Gardner Drake reprinted the Narrative in his "Indian Captivities," later called "Life in the Wigwam," pp. 20–60, copying the Lancaſter edition. Boſton, Auburn, and Buffalo, N. Y., ſeveral editions. *See* alſo 1842.

*1841. Rev. Henry White reprinted the Narrative in "The Early Hiſtory of New England." pp. 135–162. Concord, N. H., 1841.

1842. A reprint of the Narrative is in Samuel G. Drake's "Tragedies of the Wilderneſs." Boſton, 1842. pp. 20–60.

*1853. A condenſed reprint of the Narrative is in "150 Stories about Indians." pp. 177–192. Concord, N. H.: Rufus Merrill. 1853. 2⅜ by 3½ in.

*1853. Narrative | of the | Captivity, Sufferings and Removes | of | Mrs. Mary Rowlandſon, | who was taken priſoner by the Indians at the Deſtruction | of Lancaſter in 1675. | To which is appended | A Century Sermon, | preached at the | Firſt Pariſh in Lancaſter, May 28, 1753, | By Rev. Timothy Harrington. | A Reprint from an old edition. | Clinton: Publiſhed by Ballard & Bynner. 1853. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 52 (73).

*1856. *Same title as 1791 edition.* Reprinted by the Maſs. Sabbath School Society, 13 Cornhill, 1856. [Boſton.] 4½ by 7 in. pp. 122.

*1857. John S. C. Abbott's "Life of King Philip" includes the Narrative much condenſed. pp. 261–291.

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A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

CAPTIVITY, SUFFERINGS AND REMOVES

OF

Mrs. *Mary Rowlandſon*,

Who was taken Priſoner by the INDIANS with ſeveral others, and treated in the moſt barbarous and cruel Manner by thoſe vile Savages: With many other remarkable Events during her TRAVELS.

Written by her own Hand, for her private Uſe, and now made public at the earneſt Deſire of ſome Friends, and for the Benefit of the afflicted.

BOSTON

Printed and Sold at JOHN BOYLE's Printing-Office, next Door to the *Three Doves* in Marlborough-Street. 1773.

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1859. A reprint of Rev. Henry White's "Early Hiſtory of New England" was copyrighted with the title: "Indian Battles: With incidents in the early hiſtory of New England . . . Containing thrilling and ſtirring narratives of battles, captivities, eſcapes, ambuſcades, aſſaults, maſſacres, and depredations of the Indians. The habits, cuſtoms, and traits of character peculiar to the Indian race. The Life and exploits of Capt. Miles Standiſh. The hiſtory of King Philip's War, and perſonal and hiſtorical incidents of the Revolutionary War." New York, n. d. The Rowlandſon Narrative is found on pp. 135–162.

*1883. Richard Markham in his "Hiſtory of King Philip's War," N. Y., 1883, reprints moſt of the Narrative, pp. 177–218.

*1883. *Same title as Boſton, 1856 edition.* Concord, N. H. Reprinted by the Republican Preſs Aſſociation for Eleanor S. Eaſtman, 1883. 4½ by 7 in. pp. 53.

*1888. The Narrative is reprinted with illuſtrations in "Library of Univerſal Adventure by Sea and Land," compiled by W. D. Howells and T. S. Perry, N. Y. 1888, pp. 42–65.

*1900. A reprint of the Cambridge edition of 1682 is in the "Genealogy of the Deſcendants of John White of Wenham and Lancaſter, Maſs.," by Almira L. White, Haverhill, 1900; Vol. 1, pp. 763–812, with map and illuſtrations.

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Rev. Joſeph Rowlandſon's Laſt Sermon

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THE Possibility of Gods Forsaking a people,

That have been visibly near & dear to him

TOGETHER,

With the Misery of a People thus forsaken,

Set forth in a

SERMON.

Preached at *Weathersfield*, Nov. 21. 1678. Being a Day of FAST and HUMILIATION.

By Mr. *Joseph Rowlandson* Pastor of the Church of Christ there. Being also his last SERMON,

2 Chron. 15. 2. *The Lord is with you, while ye be with him, and if ye seek him, he will be found of you: but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you.* Hos. 9. 12. *Wo also to them, when I depart from them.*

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To the Courteous READER, (especially the Inhabitants of the Town of Weathersfield, and Lancaster, in New England.)

GODS forsaking of such as he hath been near to, is a thing of such weight, and solemnity, and hath such bitter effects, that it is a meet subject, (especially in a dark and mourning day) for Ministers to speak to, and for People to hear of; that the one may warn of the danger, and the other avoid the judgement. As God's presence is the greatest glory to a People on this side Heaven, so his absence is the greatest misery on this side hell; this therefore must needs be a concerning point, to such as will concern themselves in their concernments. The ensuing Sermon will appear a solemn word, if duely considered; the subject matter is very solemn and weighty, (Treating of God's being with, or forsaking a people) the time when it was delivered was a solemn time, (a day of Fast throughout the Colonies) the Reverend Author that Composed, and Preached it, was one solemn and serious above many others, and that which adds one great circumstance to its solemnity, is in that it was the last word he spake to the World, being but about two dayes before he left it. As it is solemn, so 'tis seasonable, and pertinent. It is a time wherein we have given God just cause to forsake us, a time wherein God is threatning to forsake us. A time wherein God hath in some measure forsaken us already, and what can be more seasonable, than to shew

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the evils that befall a forſaken People, that we may yet be awakened, and return, that the Lord do not forſake us utterly.

As for the Reverend Author, there needs nothing to be ſaid in his commendation, he was known amongſt the Churches in the Wilderneſs, and known to be a workman that needed not to be aſhamed. That his Name (which was ſometimes precious amongſt thoſe that knew him) may not be forgot, and that being dead, he may yet ſpeak to a land that have in ſome meaſure forſook their God, and are in danger of being forſaken, it is the ground-work of the publiſhing this ſmall part of his labours. It is commended eſpecially to the peruſal of the Inhabitants of Lancaſter and Weathersfield; He was a Man well known to you, the one had his Life, and the other his death, and both his loſs, you cannot eaſily forget his name, and 't is deſired that you may not forget the labour and travel, he hath had amongſt you; the word which he Preached to you was acceptable whilſt he was living, and it is preſumed it will be accepted with the like candor now he is dead. Indeed had it been intended, and fitted by himſelf for the Preſs, you might have expected, and found it more large, and poliſhed; but as it is, it is thought fit, not to be loſt, and may be of great uſe, and benefit, to open to us the danger of forſaking God, to humble us for all our coolings, and declinings from God, to quicken us in our return to, and cloſe walking with God, and that it may attain this end, is the hearts deſire, and prayer of him, who abundantly wiſhes thy welfare, and proſperity in Chriſt Jeſus.

B. VV.

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THE LAST SERMON OF REVEREND JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

JEREMIAH 23. 33.

> And when this People, or the Prophet, or a Prieſt, ſhall aſk thee, ſaying, what is the burden of the Lord? thou ſhalt then ſay unto them, what burden? I will even forſake you; ſaith the Lord.

In the Words, there lies before us, (Firſt) A Queſtion, ſuppoſed, to be propounded, wherein there is two things: 1. The Queſtioniſts, this People, or a Prophet, or a Prieſt. 2. The Queſtion itſelf, or the matter of it, What is the burden of the Lord? (Secondly,) There is an Anſwer, and a ſolemn Anſwer too, which is put into his mouth by the Lord, and which he is to return as the Lord's Anſwer to the Queſtion? thou ſhalt then ſay unto them, what burden? I will even forſake you, ſaith the Lord.

In which Anſwer there is three things.

1. An expreſſion of Indignation, What burden?

2. An aſſertion by way of Anſwer to the queſtion, I will forſake you.

3. A Seal of ratification, in the laſt words, Saith the Lord.

God having before dealt with the Paſtors, that did deſtroy, and ſcatter the flock, as in the beginning of the

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Chapter, Wo be to the Paſtors that deſtroy and ſcatter the ſheep of my paſture, & ver. 2. I will viſit upon you the evil of your doings, ſaith the Lord, and alſo with the falſe Prophets, that propheſied lies in his Name, as ver. 9. My heart within me is broken becauſe of the prophets, & ver. 32. Behold I am againſt them, that propheſie falſe dreams, ſaith the Lord, and do tell them, and cauſe my people to erre by their lies, and by their lightneſs; which ſort of Prophets went without their Commiſſion, as ver. 21. I have not ſent theſe Prophets yet they ran. He proceeds from the head Rulers, to the people that were ſeduced by them; for by this means their hands were ſtrengthened in ſin, ſo as that they did not return from their wickedneſs, as ver. 14. It was a uſual thing for the Prophets of the Lord, to begin their Sermons (the matter whereof was minatory, wherein the Lord threatned them with juſt judgements) with that Phraſe, the burden of the Lord, as will eaſily appear if you conſult Iſai. 13. 1 & 15, 1 & 22, 1 & 30. 6. Now they do in the words of the Text, or are ſuppoſed in mockery to demand, what Burden he had from the Lord, for them. For the opening of the words, And; or moreover becauſe he here enters upon new matter; this People, or the prophane ſort of them, whom the falſe Prophets had ſeduced to which he joyns the Prophet, and the Prieſt, in that they were alike prophane, as ver. 11. for both Prophet and Prieſt are prophane, yea in my houſe, ſaith the Lord: and when Prophets are prophane there is wont to be a pack of them, as Jer. 5. 31. The Prophets propheſies falſly, and the Prieſts bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it ſo: ſhall aſk thee, ſaying,

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viz. in a deriding way, not out of a holy end, or deſire, What is the burden of the Lord? or from the Lord? ſo were the propheſies ſtiled, that contained in them, Threatnings, Judgements, and Plagues, 2 King. 9. 25. as if they had ſaid, what haſt thou further miſchief in thy head to declare? further Woes and Threatnings to pronounce? haſt thou nothing elſe to propheſie, but Miſchief and Calamity? What is the burden now? Thou ſhalt then ſay unto them, the Lord knew what they would ſay to him, and tells him what he ſhould ſay, by way of reply, What burden? a retorting by way of holy indignation; aſk ye indeed what burden? and that in a way of deriſion? are you of that ſtrain, and ſpirit? I will even forſake you ſaith the Lord: a burden heavy enough, and you are like to feel it ſo ere long, heavy enough to break your Backs, to break your Church, and your Common wealth, and to ſink your haughty Spirits, when this Burden ſhall come upon you, in its force and weight.

Doct. That the Lord may even forſake a People that have been near to him, and he hath been near to, though for the Lord thus to do, is as fearful and hideous a judgement as can be inflicted on any People.

The Doctrine is double, it hath two parts:

Firſt, That the Lord may do thus.

Secondly, when he doth, it is a very ſad and heavy burden. It may be proſecuted as two diſtinct points.

1. God may forſake a People that hath been near to him, and that he hath been near to. This may be ſpoken to in this order.

1. What is meant by God's forſaking a People.

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2. How may it appear that God may forſake, even ſuch a People as the point ſpeaks of?
3. The Reaſons.
4. The uſe.

1. What doth Gods forſaking mean? what is intended thereby?

Sol. It means Gods withdrawing himſelf, as the Prophet Hoſea phraiſes it, Hos. 5. 6. They ſhall go with their Flocks and their Herds to ſeek the Lord, but ſhall not find him, he hath withdrawn himſelf from them. They ſhall ſeek him, and not find him, and there is a good reaſon, he hath withdrawn himſelf, he is gone, in reſpect of his gracious preſence. We muſt here diſtinguiſh betwixt God's general preſence and his gracious preſence. In reſpect of his general preſence, he is not far from any one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our being, Act. 17, 27, 28. We have not only our beginning from, but our being in him. As the beam hath its being in the ſun. Of this general preſence of God, we read, Pſal. 149. 7. There is no flying from it. Whither ſhall I go from the Spirit, or whither ſhall I flie from thy preſence? In this ſenſe God is every where, as it is ver. 8, & 9. If I aſcend up into Heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell, behold thou art there. He fills Heaven and Earth, and there is no hiding from him, Jer. 23, 24. Can any hide himſelf in ſecret places, that I ſhall not ſee him,? ſaith the Lord do not I fill Heaven and Earth? ſaith the Lord. He hath Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Footſtool, as it is, Iſai. 66. 1. This general preſence of

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God, if believingly apprehended, and ſtrongly believed, might be of great uſe.

But it is not this general preſence that is meant: but his eſpecial preſence, his favourable and gracious preſence, the removing whereof, is that that is intended, by the forſaking that the Text and Point ſpeaks of. God is ſaid to forſake a People two wayes.

1. As to Affection.

2. As to Action.

1. As to Affection, when he diſcontinues his love to them, when he takes away his love from a people, then he takes his leave of a people. My mind is not toward this people, Jer. 15. 1. a very heavy Judgement, and ſad removal. Be inſtructed O Jeruſalem, leaſt my ſoul depart from thee.

2. As to Action, when God takes away the ſigns of his preſence.

1. When he takes away merciful and gracious providences, when he carries not towards them as he was wont to do: but vexes them with all manner of adverſity, Deut. 31. 17. I will forſake them, and many evils and troubles ſhall befal them: when he ceaſes to protect them from evils, and enemies, as in times paſt, and provides not for them, as he was wont to do. When he takes away his Ordinances, and bereaves a people of the glorious things of his houſe; or takes away his ſpirit from accompanying them, whereby the glory ceaſes, and the ordinances are rendered ineffectual for the ſaving good of a people.

2. How may it appear that God may forſake ſuch a People?

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It may appear by what God hath threatned. What God hath threatned, to ſuch as the point ſpeaks of, may be inflicted on them: but God hath threatned ſuch judgement to ſuch a people. My anger ſhall be kindled againſt them, and I will forſake them, as near as they are to me, and as dear as they have been to me, Deut. 31. 17. Many ſuch threatnings are found in the Scripture againſt Iſrael, who are ſtiled a people near unto him.

In that ſuch as have been near to God, and he near to them, have complained of their being forſaken by God. Thou haſt forſaken us, is one of the bitter moans, on record, that the Church of God did often make unto him.

What God hath inflicted on ſuch, may be inflicted on ſuch again; what God hath done to ſome, he may do to others, in the ſame ſtate, and relation: for he is unchangeable. Thoſe that were once the only peculiar people of God, near to God, and had God near to them, yet what is their condition at this day? A forſaken condition, is the condition, of the Off-ſpring of Abraham Gods Friend, a ſeed whom he had choſen, and hath been ſo, for above ſixteen hundred years. God hath been angry with them, and forſaken them, as they were foretold long ago. How is it with the Churches of Aſia, that were once famous golden Candleſticks? that had Epiſtles written to them. Are they not in a forſaken condition? not the face of a Church to be found amongſt them.

In that they may do that, which may deſerve a forſaking, therefore they may do that which may actually procure it. They may do that which may deſerve a forſaking, they may through the corruption and unbelief of their hearts

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forſake God, and God may in juſt judgement retaliate, and thereupon forſake them. This is ſpoken to in the fore-quoted place, Deut. 31. 16, 17. They will forſake me, and break my Covenant which I have made with them: then my anger ſhall be kindled againſt them in that day, and I will forſake them, and hide my face from them. So again, 2 Chron. 15. 2. But if you forſake him he will forſake you; the firſt is ſuppoſed, if you forſake him, the latter is impoſed, he will forſake you:

But why doth the Lord forſake ſuch a People? The Reaſons:

1. To ſhew that he hath no need of any, he hath forſaken many, and may forſake many more, to ſhew that he hath no need of any. God would have all the world to take notice, (that though all men have need of him, yet) he hath no need of any man.

2. To teſtifie his Sanctity, and ſeverity againſt ſin. He will not ſpare them, that have been near him, if they will not ſpare their ſin for him. He is a holy God, and if they will have their ſins, and their luſts, and their wayes, and their lovers, he will vindicate his holineſs, by inflicting this judgement on them.

3. To be a warning to all that enjoy his gracious preſence. That they ſee that they make much of it, and that they take heed that they do not ſin againſt him, and forſake him, and provoke him to forſake them alſo.

Caut. The point is to be underſtood of a people that are viſibly and externally near and dear to him, and theſe may be totally and finally forſaken of God: and yet here it muſt be noted, that God may exerciſe a deal of patience,

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and forbearance toward ſuch as he is about to forſake, he did ſo with the old world, he did ſo with the Iſraelites of old, he did ſo with the ſeven Churches of Aſia: he is not wont ſuddenly, and at once to forſake a people, that have been near and dear to him; but he is wont to give them warning, and in patience to bear a while with their forwardneſs, and wait to ſee if there be any returning to him, before he doth inflict this heavy and ſharp judgement.

Uſe. It ſerves to admoniſh us, not to bear ourſelves too high, upon the account of priviledges. It is a great priviledge to have the Lord near us, and to be near unto him: and ſome lean upon this though they abide in their ſin, Micah 3. 10, 11. They build up Sion with blood, and Jeruſalem with iniquity, yet will they lean upon the Lord, and ſay, is not the Lord amongſt us? But if our deportment be not according to our priviledges, if we do not carry it thereafter, by becoming an humble, fruitful, and holy people; the Lord will bring forth this heavy burden againſt us, we ſhall be rejected, and forſaken of the Lord, whatever our external priviledges be.

But the ſecond part of the Doctrine; or the ſecond Doctrine may now be ſpoken to, viz.

That it is the heavieſt burden, or the foreſt of Judgements for the Lord to forſake a people.

There may be two things ſpoken to in the management of the Truth.

1. Arguments to evidence it. 2. The Uſes of it.

1. If God hath threatned it as a very ſore judgement, then ſure it is ſo. Now when God hath been angry with a people, he hath manifeſted the ſame by menacing them

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with his forſaking them: when he hath been deſigned to do them a deep diſpleaſure, upon the account of ſome high provocation he is wont to threaten them not by taking away this, or that outward comfort from them; but by taking away himſelf from them. And that is a woe indeed, a woe with a witneſs, Hos. 9. 12. Yea, woe alſo to them, when I depart from them: this is the wofulleſt day that ſuch a people are wont to meet with.

2. Gods forſaking a people is a ſore judgement, in that it expoſes them to all judgements. Sin is a great evil in that it expoſes to all evil, this is a great evil of puniſhment, in that it expoſes to all puniſhments.

If God be gone, our guard is gone, and we are as a City, in the midſt of Enemies, whoſe walls are broken down. Our ſtrength to make reſiſtance, that 's Gone, for God is our ſtrength, as a carcaſe without life, is a prey, to beaſts of prey; ſo are a people forſaken of their God, to all their devouring enemies, and to infernal, and curſed ſpirits: they are expoſed to miſchief, and the malice of all their malignant enemies. When the Lord had forſaken Jeruſalem, the Romans quickly made a prey of it; when they were deſtitute of God, their habitation became deſolate. There is not Protection to a People, whom the Lord forſakes; but they are perplexed on every ſide.

3. Becauſe the evils that are on ſuch, whom God hath forſaken, they are only evils. The Prophet Ezekiel ſometime hath the expreſſion, Ezek. 7. 5. Thus ſaith the Lord God, an evil, an only evil behold is come. This is ſuch an evil, an only evil to a people. An evil whilſt God is preſent, may have much good in it, the Lord may ſanctifie

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it for abundance of bleſſing: there is hopes of this whilſt the Lord continues amongſt them; but if he be gone, it is an only evil, and the evils that come upon them are ſuch, they have nothing but evil in them.

4. Becauſe no creature can then afford any help; for what can creatures do when God is departed, he makes the creatures uſeful and helpful, but without him they can do us no good, ſtand us in no ſtead: they may ſay to thee as the King of Iſrael, ſaid to the woman, that cried Help O King, He anſwered, If the Lord dont help, whence ſhall I help thee? all creatures may ſay if God be departed, we cannot help: Nay the very Devil cannot help if God be gone: when God departed from Saul, he ſought help from the Devil, 1 Sam. 28. 15. Wherefore (ſaith the Devil) aſkeſt thou of me? ſeeing the Lord is departed from thee.

5. It appears to be a ſore judgement, by the anguiſh and diſtreſs, that ſuch have been in, that have been ſenſible that God hath forſaken them. Sin hath flown in the face of ſuch, and terified them: Oh the bleſſed God is gone, and if he is gone, mercy is gone; and Oh for ſuch and ſuch ſins, that lie upon me! what ſhall I do? what a moan have Saints themſelves made in ſuch a caſe? as David, Pſal. 22. 1, 2. My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me? why art thou ſo far from helping me? and from the words of my roaring? Oh my God, I cry in the day time, but thou heareſt not, and in the night ſeaſon, and am not ſilent. Oh how Saul roared out in his diſtreſs! and that on this account eſpecially, that God was departed from him, not ſo much that the Philiſtines were

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upon him, had not God been gone, he could have dealt well enough with them; but here was the miſery, and the ſting of the miſery, God was departed from him.

6. It is a ſore puniſhment, in that it is a great part of the puniſhment of Hell. The eſſential parts of that puniſhment, is pain of loſs, and ſenſe, and the former ſome reckon the greater.

Uſe 1. How fooliſh are ſinners that do even bid God depart from them? as we read, Job 21. 14. Therefore they ſay unto God, depart from us, for we deſire not the knowledge of thy wayes. But do they know what they ſay? Oh ſinners is this your wiſh? if it be granted it will prove your woe for ever. Happily Gods preſence is now your trouble; but I tell you his abſence would be your torment.

2. Se here what an evil it is to forſake God, is it a judgement of judgements, to be forſaken of God? ſurely then it is the ſin of ſins to forſake him: the evil of puniſhment is in being left by God, and the evil of ſin is in leaving God. What, forſake God, who is our only good? God who made us, and poſſeſt us from our beginning, God that hath been the guid of our Youth, that hath been good to us, and fed us all our dayes? Jer. 2. 19. Know therefore and ſee, that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou haſt forſaken the Lord thy God. And there is an aggravation of it, ver. 17. Thou haſt forſaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee by the way. As a guid to direct thee, as a ſtaffe to ſupport thee, as a convoy to guard thee, as a Father to provide for thee, that thou haſt wanted nothing: well may it be ſaid, how evil and bitter a thing

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is it, that thou haſt forſaken the Lord? He adds in the 31. verſe. Oh Generation! Generation of what? of what you will; God leaves a ſpace that you may write, what you pleaſe, generation of Vipers, or Monſters, or any thing rather than generation of Gods people. See ye the word of the Lord, behold your face in that Glaſs. So your cauſleſs apoſtaſies, have I been a wilderneſs unto Iſrael? Have you wanted any thing, Oh ye degenerating crooked, and wilful generation? God may ſay to ſuch ſinners, as Pharaoh to Hadad, when he would be gone, 1 King. 11. 22. But what haſt thou lacked with me, that thou ſeekeſt to be gone? what haſt thou lacked ſinner, that thou ſeekeſt to be gone from the Lord? The ſinner muſt anſwer with him, nothing howbeit let me go in any wiſe. He came to him in his diſtreſs, and when his turn was anſwered, away he packs. They forſake becauſe they will forſake.

3. Wonder not that Gods Saints have been ſo ſolicitous with him, not to forſake them. Thus David, Pſal. 119. 8. Oh forſake me not utterly. He might well be ſolicitous in this matter, for he underſtood what it was to be forſaken of the Lord. They preſs hard with the Lord whatever he doth he would not leave them, nor forſake them, Jer. 14. 9. Leave us not. And no wonder, there are ſuch moans, when the Lord may have ſeemed, to have forſaken them.

4. If Gods forſaking be ſo ſore a judgement, it ſhould make us more cautelous, and wary leaſt we pull down this judgement on our heads. Men ſhould be afraid of this heavieſt of judgements, more than the Child of whipping.

5. Let Gods dear ones take heed of concluding againſt

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themſelves, that they are under this judgement. They are readieſt to conclude againſt themſelves, and yet really in the leaſt danger. Thus we read, Iſa. 49. 14. But Zion ſaid, the Lord hath forſaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. But why ſaid Zion ſo? it was from diffidence: as Saints do not forſake God as others do, Pſal. 18. 21. I have not wickedly departed from my God; ſo God will not forſake them as he forſakes others not utterly forſake them: His forſaking of his is but temporary, and partial.

But here a queſtion may be moved what is the difference betwixt a ſinner forſaken and a Saint forſaken? for the Lord doth not forſake both alike.

1. When God forſakes his own, yet they cry after him, he withdraws himſelf from them ſometimes, yet ſo as that he draws their hearts after him as a mother may hide away from her Child, that it may ſeek and cry the more earneſtly after her.

2. They retain good thoughts of him in his withdrawment, or abſence. As the Spouſe in the Canticles, ſhe calls him her beloved ſtill. As the faithful wife: ſhe retains good thoughts of her huſband, and keeps up her reſpect, though he be gone from home but the wicked when the Lord forſakes them, harbour hard thoughts of him. Is this to ſerve the Lord, and walk in his wayes? what good have I got by all I have done? ſee how he hath ſerved me.

3. They will ſeek him, till he return again, when the Lord forſakes others, they will ſeek after vanities, to make up the want of God's preſence. The Adultreſs in her Huſbands abſence, will ſeek after other lovers. The true Saint will be ſatisfied in nothing elſe but the Lord till he

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return. Moreover there is a difference in Gods forſaking the ſinner and the Saint, when he forſakes the wicked they are left in darkneſs: but when he withdraws himſelf from his own he leaves ſome light, whereby they ſee which way he is gone, he leaves ſome glimmering light, by which they may follow after him, and find him.

And again, when he leaves his own, yet his bowels are towards them, Jer. 31. 20. My bowels are troubled for him, I will ſurely have mercy upon him, ſaith the Lord. He hath an eye towards them for much good, in his forſaking them.

Use 2. Of Exhortation: 1. To thankfulneſs to God, for that he hath not yet forſaken us. Whatever he hath ſtript us off, he hath not yet ſtript us off himſelf, he hath not as yet forſaken us. He might have done it, and have done us no wrong; but he hath not yet done it.

2. To do our utmoſt that he may not forſake us. And here there may be added Motives and Means.

1. Conſider God's lothneſs to forſake us. This is a thing that he is not deſirous of, he doth not willingly afflict us with this ſort of Affliction, or grieve us with this grievous ſtroak. God hath ſhewed himſelf loth to depart from thoſe that have departed from him; but have warned them of his diſpleaſure, that they might ſtay him. It goes near Gods heart to forſake a People that have been near to him. Methinks I hear him ſaying thus, How ſhall I give thee up, Oh New-England! thence ſpeaking to warn us, of our forſakings of him, and to be inſtructed, why? leaſt his Spirit depart from us, Jer. 6. 8. Be thou inſtructed Oh Jeruſalem, leaſt my Soul depart from thee, leaſt I make

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thee deſolate, a land not inhabited. You may eaſily ſtay him, the matter is not ſo far gone, but you might yet ſtay him: were we but as loth he ſhould forſake us, as he is to forſake us, he would never leave us. His gradual motions from a people argue his lothneſs, and unwillingneſs to leave them.

2. Conſider what the Lord is to us, or what relation he ſtands in to us, while he is with us. He is our friend, we have found him to be ſo, and a ſpecial friend too: men in the World are not willing to forego a Friend, a good Friend: he is as faithful, ſkilful, powerful, and tender hearted a Friend as ever a people had, he ſtuck by us when alſo we had been in a woe caſe, Pſal. 124. 1. If it had not been the Lord, who was on our ſide may Iſrael now ſay. And had not the Lord been on our ſide, may New-England now ſay. He is a Father, and a tender-hearted Father, Iſai. 63. 16, Doubtleſs thou art our Father. Can children be willing their Father ſhould leave them? he is a Huſband, Iſai. 54. 5. For thy Maker is thy Huſband, a loving, careful, tender huſband too; can the Wife be willing to part with her Huſband? if the Lord forſake us, we are bereft of our friend, left friendleſs, he is all friends in one, none can be our friend, if he be not. If he leave us, we ſhall be as Orphans, for he is related as a Father, and how ſad is the ſtate of poor Orphans: and we ſhall be in a ſtate of Widow-hood, a very ſolitary, and ſorrowful ſtate. He is our guide, and our pilot; what will become of the blind if their guid leave them? and what will become of the Ship if the Pilot deſert it? thus the Lord is to his, and well may he ſay, as Mic. 6. 3. Oh my People

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what have I done? or wherein have I wearied thee, or given thee any cauſe to be weary of me.

3. Conſider there are ſhrewd ſigns of Gods intent to leave us, unleſs ſomewhat can be done. If you enquire what? I anſwer:

1. The ſins for which God hath forſaken others are rife amongſt us. The ſins for which God forſook the Jews, are our ſins.

1. Horrid Pride, Hos. 5. 5. The Pride of Iſrael doth teſtifie to his face. Pride in Parts, and pride of Hearts, pride in Apparel, and Veſtures, and Geſtures, and in Looks, how lofty are their eyes! New-England is taken notice of abroad, for as proud a People, of a profeſſing people, as the World affords. When a People are humble the Lord will ſtay with them. If our immunities, which are Gods mercies, puffe us up, God will empty us: he will blaſt that to us that we are proud of.

2. Deep and high Ingratitude. Do you thus requite the Lord? Deut. 32. 6. So the Prophet Hoſea taxes them, Hos. 2. 8. God gave her Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, ſilver and Gold, but ſhe conſumed them on Baal. We have been bleſt but hath God had the glory of our bleſſings.

3. Oppreſſion. Amos 8. 4. Ye that ſwallow up the needy. Theſe Jews were like the fiſhes, the greater did devour the leſs. Some are like wild Beaſts, like Wolves that tear off the fleece, and eat the fleſh of the flocks. There is more juſtice to be found in hell, then amongſt ſome men on earth: for there is no innocent perſon oppreſſed there.

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4. Wearineſs of Gods Ordinances. Amos 8. 5. When will the Sabbath be done? They that are weary of the ſervice of God, and the Ordinances of God, they are weary of God. God indeed hath fed us to the full, as to Ordinances: and we are glutted, and ſurfeited, and have loſt our eſteem. When mens Commodities bare but little price in a place, they will remove the market! if Goſpel Ordinances are but a cheap commodity, have loſt their price, and men are weary of them: God will let out his Vineyard to another People. If our mercies become our burdens, God will eaſe us of them.

5. Couſenage in mens dealings, making the Ephah ſmall, and the Shekel great, ſelling the refuſe of Wheat, Amos 8. 5, 6. They pick out the beſt Grain for themſelves, and the refuſe is to ſell.

6. Idolatry, which is Spiritual Adultery, and is there nothing of this? chuſing of new Gods.

7. Incorrigibleneſs, or oppoſition of a ſpirit of reformation. When God calls to a People to return, by repentance, but they will go on ſtill in their ſin: God calls to them by his judgments, and by his Rod; but they will not hear, as 'tis Jer. 5. 3. Thou haſt ſtricken them, but they have not grieved; thou haſt conſumed them, but they have refuſed to receive Correction: they have made their faces harder than a Rock, they have refuſed to return. When it is thus with a People, God will pluck up and be gone; ſo Jer. 7. 13, 14. Becauſe they would not hear, and would not anſwer the call of God, I will do to this houſe as I did to Shiloh, why? what did the Lord do to Shiloh? ver. 12. Go to Shiloh, and ſee what I did to it,

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for the wickedneſs of my People Iſrael. Go, and view it, and you will ſee what he did, he left tokens of his wrath upon them, and forſook them.

2. Another ſign of his intent to forſake us, is, in that he is dealing with us as he is wont to deal with them that he is about to forſake. He takes away thoſe that are moſtly with him. He will take away his Moſes's, thoſe that ſtand in the Gap, and binds his hands with their Prayers, when he is deſigned to pour out wrath upon a People: he will remove the lights, when he is about to darken a land. Wiſe men ſend away their Plate, and Jewels, and choice things; it intimates their intention of removal.

3. Another ſign is our Lukewarmneſs, and Indifferency in Religion: a uſual forerunner of its removal. When a People care not for God, and the things of God, he hath left them in ſome meaſure, already; and if that Spirit abide he will not tarry long with them.

Uſe 1. Of Direction. 1. Examine and humble your ſelves, for all your departures from God, your forſakings of him; humble your ſelves for them, confeſſing with bitterneſs your evil therein, bemoaning yourſelves before the Lord upon the account thereof. May the Lord hear his People, from Dan to Beerſheba bemoaning themſelves, Ephraim like, then the Lord will hear, and have mercy, and not leave us, for his Names ſake.

2. Judge your ſelves worthy to be forſaken, becauſe of your forſaking of him. If you judge your ſelves worthy to be forſaken, God will not judge you worthy to be forſaken, 1 Cor. 11. 31.

3. Pray the Lord not to forſake you, the Lord is ſome-

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times ſtaid with Prayers: Prayers have prevailed with his Majeſty often, and may do again.

4. Forſake your ſins, whereby you have forſaken him. Nothing leſs then this will prevent this miſchief, coming upon us. If there be any, either Son or Daughter that will not leave their ſins for God, God will leave ſuch.

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Notes to Rowlandſon Sermon

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NOTES TO ROWLANDSON SERMON

THE firſt ſettled miniſter of Lancaſter, Joſeph, the ſon of Thomas and Bridget Rowlandſon, was born in England in 1631 or 1632. His parents, immigrant prior to 1638, ſettled in Ipſwich. Their children beſides Joſeph were: Thomas, who married Dorothy Portland in 1654 and died in 1680; Elizabeth, who married Richard Wells; Martha, who married John Eaton. The father and mother accompanied Joſeph to Lancaſter, where the former died in 1657. The widow married William Kerley in 1659 and died in 1662.

Joſeph Rowlandſon was the ſole graduate of Harvard College in the year 1652. September 30, 1651, at the beginning of his ſenior year, he was ſentenced to the whipping-poſt for a ſportive prank, and if he eſcaped the laſh, which is probable, he did ſo by paying a heavy fine and making a very humble apology. His offence, which the Eſſex Court dignified into a "ſcandelous lybell," was the poſting upon the Ipſwich meeting-houſe of a ſatirical ſcreed, part rhyme, part proſe, directed againſt ſome deciſion of the court and the marſhal of Ipſwich, the main point of which is loſt to hiſtory. It was then doubtleſs

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claſſed as a flagrant caſe of what nowadays is contempt of court. He was arreſted at Cambridge and the preſentment at Ipſwich is recorded as follows: —

Joſeph Rowliſon appearing before me vpon this Day (Maior Denyſon being p'ſent) to anſwer a deep ſuſpicoñ for being the Author or to have had a hand in a ꝑnitious ſcandalous libell againſt Authority. The ſaid Joſeph Rolandſon Confeſſed himſelf to be the Author of ye ſame. Wherevpon the ſaid Joſeph is bound to this governmt in the ſum̃e of 50 l. to appeare at Ipſw^ch Court next to anſwere the ſame & Thomas Rolandſon Sen^r as his Suerty is bound in the ſame ſum̃e. 17th 5th 1651. [Eſſex Court Papers, Vol. 2, p. 18.]

At the Quarterly Court of September at Ipſwich the judges, Governor John Endicott, Simon Bradſtreet, Samuel Symonds, Daniel Deniſon, and William Hathorne, ſentenced the offender in the following terms: —

Joſeph Rowlinſon for his great miſdemenor in ſeting up a ſcandelous lybell the ſentance of ye Court is that he ſhall be whipt unleſe he paye 5lb. by Wedenſday come 3 weekes or be whipt the next Thurſdaye & 5lb. more when the Court ſhall call for it, and to paye all charges 30 s. for the marſhalls goeing with atachmt for him to Cambridge and Boſton and fees of Court."

The "ſcandelous lybell" and the humble apology were printed by Joſeph Willard in his ſecond Lancaſter edition of Mrs. Rowlandſon's Narrative, 1828, and reprinted by John Langdon Sibley in his "Harvard Graduates," Vol. I. pp. 311–313. They are given here, being of intereſt chiefly as examples of the rhetorical ſtyle regnant in the claſs of 1652, with which the youthful paſtor enthralled the pious Lancaſtrians two hundred and fifty years ago. Joſeph

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Willard tells that the libel was written upon the two ſides of a ſingle ſheet in a diſguiſed hand, and was preſerved in the Eſſex County Clerk's office. It is not now with the Court papers in the Salem regiſtry, and Mr. Sibley apparently failed to find it in 1873.

I. Gentlemen I beſeech you looke heere and tell me truly have I not diſcharged my duty very well. I pray bee pleaſed to be informed further in a long tale of enuie pull me not downe I pray til all ye people have ſene mee and then turne mee.

" O God from heauen looke thou downe
Doe not thy ſeruants wonder
To ſee thy honour ſo abuſed
Thy truth ſo troden vnder

The feete of proud malignant ones
That loue to giue deſpight
And of thoſe that are innocent
To turne aſide the right.

What could not enuie ſtopped bee
Before it had thus gained
Ouer the truth and what may bee
By right of lawe mayntayned?

What were not Rulers able to
It totally expell
Or had not they ſome might at leaſt
Its ſtrength ſomewhat to quell?

O bleſſed God why dideſt thou
Thy rulers all reſtraine
From ſeeing enuie fully bent
Its will for to mayntayne?

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O enuie haſt thou thus preuayl'd
And is thy hand ſo high
That now God's ordinance muſt bee
Proclaim'd a nullity?

Did euer enuie thus preuayle
In any generation
Was euer ſuch an act as this
Heard of in any nation?

Were euer thoſe that God made one
Deuided thus in ſunder
Did euer enuie thus proceede
Good hearers ſtand and wonder?

What men doe joyne it graunted is
Men may againe diſſeuer
But what the Lord conjoynes in one
Diſioyned may bee neuer.

Whence comes it Enuie then that thou
Doeſt this day triumph make
And in the publick eares of all
This fundamentall ſtake?

Tartarian ſulphur had expell'd
Or totally obſcured
The light that long time half was quell'd
In her conſcience ſo inpured

And hence I enuie got the day
Her conſcience ſo to ſeare
Til I at length had found a way
To put her out of fear

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And ſo did I cauſe her to ſay
Euen what it was I lyſt
Nor care beeing had vnto the truth
Whether it hit or miſt.

If enuie hath thus deceived thee O woman, and the allurements of thy pretended friends conſpiring therewith ſo brought thee to belye thy conſcience as it is credibly reported heere in this towne wr I live that am ſo indifferent in the thing as indeed cannot bee otherwiſe being ſo remote from wr you live; then I doe profeſs that ye Court did well to free the poore man of his burthen and if I knew him I would certainely tell him ſo, More ouer me thinks I would tell him that he hath indeed done very ill to keep her ſo long from performing her promiſe to that ſame young-man ſo long agoe; which if I had knowledge of I could inform him punctually concerning. I pray you therefore that reade this writing inform him of my name and direct him to the towne where I liue and I hope I may give him a little ſomething for his further eaſe ſince I heare the Court hath proceeded ſo farre in that way already. In the meane time I have made bold to ſend this writing, which leaſt it ſhould miſcarry his hands I did deſire the bearer to ſet it up in publicke, that ſo he might not bee altogether vn-informed of our iudgment heer in this towne

BY MEE, JUSTICE PLEADER
IN THE TOWNE OF CONSCIENCE,
3000 MILES DISTANT FROM ANY
PLACE WELL NEERE IN NEWE-
ENGLAND.[1]

II. If I were as the man that is ſo caſt I would indeede haue appealed to y[t] Court that only by the Lawes of America hath to doe in ſuch caſes namely ye court of aſſiſtants who haue ye ſole-power to determine an undeterminable matter heerin by thoſe that

[1] Among the Court documents in this caſe is a ſcrap of paper upon which is twice written what ſeems another propoſed form of this ſignature: "By mee Juſtice Pleader in the Towne of Conſcience in America in new england where I ſaw her triumph in a Green-Chariot ye lady Aſterea ridinge in ye right boote."

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are meere parties but ſince it is paſt, I would earneſtly appeale to the Court where God himſelf is Judge, and all the ſaints men and angels are aſſiſtants; whoſe throne is ye heaven of heavens; there the innocent ſhall be acquitted and thoſe that now ſing their enuious Trophe ſhall be lyable to anſwer for the horrible abuſe of yr conſciences in miſ-informing and deluding thoſe honored Judges that he hath upon earth ſubſtituted.

GENTLEMEN — If any ſeeme to be offended at my verdict let it be given mee under his hand and I will doe the beſt ſatisfaction that the law requires if that ſerues not upon liberty of conſideration for ye ſpace of a quarter of an hour (the law afording twelue) for an appeale, I rather will lie downe vnder an vniuſt cenſure, than be troubleſome eſpecially if all my judges be aturnyes of the oppoſite party: in the meane time I pray giue the Man whom this paper concerns the ſame libertie and I hope all will do well

Remember mee I pray to the Marſhall of Ipſwich and tell him that I heare he may be an honeſt man in the iudgment of charity; I pray ſend me word if he bee not a Haſh-all as well as a Marſhall for I heare he is uery buiſie in euerie bodies matters

I am a peaceable ſonne in Iſraell and am only ſome-wt moued beyound my wont or wt I commend in my-ſelf or others by ye only remote heare-ſay of this preſent buſineſs a matter I doe belieue, the like whereof neuer was heard in any nation all this duely weighed.

God ſave the Governor and all the honored aſiſtants and giue them long to rule this people with the civil ſword and that they may vſe the ſame in all bene-adminiſtration themſelues alone (*turning out all Aſſociates which are able to corrupt juſtice bee ye cauſe neuer ſo good*)[1] and that ſo they may do as they will anſwer the great Judge another day:

[1] The clauſe here italicized was eraſed in the original and being deemed an important part of the libel the following teſtimony concerning it was recorded: —

"Theſe words weere blotted in the paper yet weere ſo legible that wee diſtinctly read them the 3 July 1651

JOHN ROGERS
JOSEPH PAINE
MOSES PENGRY.

I read ye words above written wthout much difficulty.

W: HUBBARD. "

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Good people honour your governor and Magiſtrates who are the miniſters of God for good and I hope as this mans experience growes more ſanctified hee will ſay they miniſtered good vnto him in taking away ſuch a burthen that the Lord perhaps ſaw unſupportable for him.

I heare there is one whom I think they call Dan Roſs in that towne Ile aſſure you if he be that I know he is a uery ſneaking ſycophant and I feare one whom God will deale ſeuerely with ſhortly: when he lived in our country a wet Eeles tayle and his word were ſomething worth ye taking hold of.

Rowlandſon's abject apology preſerved in the Eſſex County Court Records at Salem, Book II. p. 18, is as follows: —

Foraſmuch as I Joſeph Rowlandſon through the ſuggeſtion of Satan, and the evil of my owne heart, by that being ſtrongly attemted, by the depravation of this too facilly inclined to the perpetration of a fact whoſe nature was anomic, and circumſtances enormities. And being not onely iuſtly ſuſpected, but alſo hauing both an inward cogniſcance of and an external call (by virtue of Lawful Authority before w^ch^ I was convented) to ſpeake the truth or at leaſt not to vtter the contrary. Yet notwithſtanding to the Diſhonour of God and diſcredit of his truth, and to the greife of the Godly and in fine the wounding of my owne conſcience: did not hearken therevnto but rather to the æquivocal deluſions with which Satan did then beset mee, not onely to the waving but alſo abnegation of the ſame. In all which Reſpects it ſeemed good to the foreſayed Authority, before whom the foreſayd convention was made to bind me ouer to this Preſent Honored Court to be Reſponſal for the ſame, and being accordingly Now called vnto the ſame by you^r^ Honored worſhips; I humbly craue your fauorable Leaue to Declare as followeth, viz. That as concerning the writing which I ſo Raſhly affixed vnto the Meetinghouſe I doe deſire to

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abhorre my ſelfe for my extreme folly in ſo doing and I hope the Lord hath opened my eyes to See that in my ſelfe thereby that otherwiſe I might too Late haue Lamented but not timouſly Repented of: But in particular I doe acknowledg that I did very ſinfully in condemning that ſentence judicially paſſed by your worſhips and putting contempt upon the Coaſeſſors which it pleaſed this goverment to honour with power in a ſentence with the Honored Aſſiſtants, and likewiſe vſing certaine ſcurrulous words of the Marſhal. in all w^{ch} particulars I doe acknowledg & confeſſe that I did miſerably abuſe My ſelfe, & that weake Meaſure of Knowledg which the Lord hath beene pleaſed to Beſtow upon Mee, and that I did w^{t} I ought not to haue done in y^{t} Reſpect. In which that which I very much Lament is that I haue wronged your Honored worſhips and thoſe officers for this Commonwealth's good which are here conſtituted: But that which I much more Lament is the Diſhonour that hath thereby redovnded to God as well by the writing it ſelfe as by that which moſt of all hath beene a continual greife namely the abnegation of the ſame: For all which ſinful offences I humbly craue pardon ſo farre as they concerne your Honored worſhips, and a Due Conſideration of w^{t} vehement temptations I was vnder, which though I cannot Relate, yet I queſtion not but you^{r} worſhips will conſider: Howeuer I confide vpon your worſhips pitty and continved prayers that this fall may be to euerlaſting gaine.

Sighned with my hand, atteſted vnto with my heart.

JOSEPH: ROWLANDSON.

His undergraduate courſe completed, Rowlandſon is ſuppoſed to have ſpent the next two years in preparation for the miniſtry. He probably began preaching at Lancaſter late in 1654, and in 1656 married Mary White and was formally invited to a ſettlement. It was not until March 25, 1656, that the retribution for his youthful

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Forasmuch as I Joseph Rowlandson through the suggestion of
satan, and the evil of my owne heart, by that being strangly attem
ted, by the aggravation of this too facilly inclined to the perpetra
tion of a fact whose nature was anomie, and circumstances anomalies
And being not onely iustly suspected, and but also having both an in-
ward cognisance of and an external call (by virtue of Lawful Authority
Before wch I was commanted) to speake the truth or at Least not to
vttar the contrary. yet notwithstanding to the Dishonour of God and
disc redit of his truth, and to the greife of the godly and in fine the
wounding of my owne conscience: did not hearken thereunto but rather
to the equivocal delusions with which satan did then beset mee. not onely
to the waving but also abnegation of the truth same. In all which Res-
pects it seemed good to the foresayed Authority, before whom
the foresayed convention was made to bind me over to this Present
Honored Court to be Responsal for the same, and being accordingly
Now called vnto the same by your Honored worships; I humbly
craue your favorable Leave to Declare as followeth, viz.
That as concerning the writing which I so Rashly affixed
vnto the Meetinghouse I doe desire to abhorre my selfe for my
extreme folly in so doing and I hope the Lord hath opened my
eyes to see that in my selfe thereby that otherwise I might too
Late have Lamented but not sinnefully Repented of: But in parti
culer I doe acknowledg that I did very sinfully in that con
demning that Sentence Judicially passed by your worships and
putting contempt vpon the Confessors which it pleased the Gov-
ernment to honour with power in a sentence with the Honored
Assistants, and likewise vsing certaine scurrulous words of the
Marshal. in all wch particulars I doe acknowledg & Confesse
that I did miserably abuse My selfe & that weake measure of
knowledg which the Lord hath beene pleased to Bestow vpon
Mee. and that I did wt I ought not to have done in yt Respect

In which that which I very much Lament is that I gaue wronge
your Honored worships & those officers for this Commonwealth
good which are here constituted: But that which I much more
Lament is the dishonore that hath thereby redounded to God
as well by the writing it selfe as by that which most of all hath
beene a continual greife namely the abnegation of the same:
For all which sinful offences I humbly crave pardon so farre
as they concerne your Honored worships, and a due consideration
of w^t vehement temptation I was under. which though I cannot
Relate yet I question not but your worships will consider: However
I confide vpon your worships pitty & continued prayers that this
fall may be to everlasting gaine..

Sighned & with my hand, attested vnto w^th my heart

Joseph Rowlandson.

eſcapade was finally cloſed by the following record of a court held at Ipſwich: "Joſeph Rowlinſon upon his petition the Court remitted the remainder of his fine." The town agreed to pay their young miniſter "fifty pounds a year, one half in wheat ſixpence in the buſhel under the current prices in Boſton or Charleſtown and the reſt in other good current pay in like proportions; or otherwiſe fifty and five pounds a year taking his pay at ſuch rates as the prices of corn are ſet every year by the court." The town alſo gave him the houſe in which he lived, and land enough about it "for an orchard, garden, yard, paſture and the like."

Mr. Rowlandſon's ſervice in Lancaſter for twenty-one years ſeems to have been bleſſed with cordial appreciation. He from the firſt won the reſpect of thoſe among whom his lot was caſt, and ſucceſsfully aſſerted his own dignity and that of the Church; for the ſaucy maiden who contradicted him, and the aged reprobate who would n't come under the droppings of the ſanctuary, were alike humbled and ſubjected both to civil and eccleſiaſtical diſcipline. When the rude experiences of pioneer life and long attrition with the ſtrong and wilful characters about him had ſupplemented collegiate training, his developed qualities of intellect and ſoul won wide recognition. He had hardly attained the ready uſe of mature powers before his life ended, and we muſt judge of his abilities and graces rather by the brief obituary of a contemporary diariſt, "his death was much lamented," than from any record of deeds or words. But when in 1672 there aroſe queſtions in the Old South Church of Boſton, knotty enough to call for

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the deliberation of the moſt learned and judicious upon their deciſion, Joſeph Rowlandſon was called down from his charge in the backwoods to lend his judgment to a ſolution of the problems.

April 7, 1677, Mr. Rowlandſon was inſtalled at Wethersfield, Connecticut; not as a colleague of Reverend Gerſhom Bulkeley — although the hiſtorians have all ſo alleged — but as his ſucceſſor in the paſtorate. He died ſuddenly November 24, 1678, aged about forty-ſeven years. His library was appraiſed at eighty-two pounds, a large ſum for the times. His pariſhioners teſtified their love for the man by voting to his widow an annual ſtipend of thirty pounds, ſo long as ſhe remained among them and unmarried. The only literary remains we have inherited wherefrom to read the mental ſcope and fancy of the clergyman, are the boyiſh paſquinade and the Faſt Sermon hereinbefore reprinted.

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